

MAY 7, 1956

# SPORTS

ILLUSTRATION

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**FLORIDA'S  
NEEDLES**

IN THIS ISSUE  
WHO'S WHO AND  
WHAT TO WATCH FOR  
IN THE  
KENTUCKY DERBY



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For according to Electrical Merchandising, dishwashers are one of the many products of American industry that are on the verge of mass sales.

Last year dishwasher sales were up 37% to 295,000, and the industry expects sales up to 425,000 for '56. As of right now, quite a few American families have them -- 4% of all U.S. wired homes to be exact.

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*Bill Holman*

William W. Holman  
Advertising Director

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- Golf Balls
- Adolph's, Ltd.
- \*Airguide Instrument Co.
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- Hoffman Motor Car Co.
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(continued on back flaps)

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LANVIN





**COVER: NEEDLES AND ERB**  
*Drawing by Robert Riger*

The efficient combination—34-year-old Nebraska-born Jockey Dave Erb and 3-year-old Florida-bred Needles—captured the honors of the southern winter racing season. However, the happy moments in Florida now serve only as a prelude to what Needles' owners hope will be a victory in this week's 82nd Kentucky Derby. For more about the Derby and some special Riger drawings, turn to page 36.

Acknowledgments on page 71

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- **AN SI SPECIAL: THE END OF AN ERA IN BOXING** 24  
*Eight pages on the headline events of a momentous week in boxing, including an album of Rocky Marciano pictures, a CONVERSATION PIECE with the retired champion and his family by JOAN FLYNN DREYSPOL and an account by MARTIN KANE of how the U.S. Government wound up its antitrust case against the IBC*
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*With Seattle's spring parade of yachts, 50,000 yachtsmen greet the season. By EMMETT WATSON*
- **ARE SHORTS TOO SHORT AT HAPPY KNOLL** 35  
*Opinion is strongly divided, as JOHN P. MARQUAND indicates, but all agree it's a hot polo*
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*A season to an institution—and a feature on how the race will be run—by WHITNEY TOWER*
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*In dramatic watercolors JOHN GROTH depicts the cruel but colorful sports of ancient Asia*

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## IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

### JOHN P. MARQUAND AT THE DERBY

Taking temporary leave of Happy Knoll, America's foremost reporter of meenors and mores heads south to Churchill Downs, accompanied by Whitney Tower for a full report on an American classic

### CONVERSATION PIECE: SUBJECT: BABE ZAHARIAS

In a warmly human and enduring word portrait, Joan Flynn Drayspool takes SI's readers into the home of an immortal figure in sports, the greatest woman athlete of our age



# SCOREBOARD

## ... THESE FACES IN THE CROWD ...



**Paul O'Shea**, young Rye, N.Y. engineering consultant for Mercedes who was nation's leading amateur driver last year, was presented with first annual Slaward "in recognition of high point total in U.S. national sports car races in 1955."



**Sandra Ruddick**, pretty 23-year-old Indianapolis mother of two, moved gracefully to women's all-round gymnastics title and berth on U.S. Olympic team despite wrenched left shoulder suffered in preliminaries at Penn State.

### RECORD BREAKERS

**Walt Mangham**, lanky 18-year-old New Castle (Pa.) H.S. youngster, barely missed clearing bar at seven feet, had to be content with leap of 6 feet 9 3/4 inches, good enough to break U.S. interscholastic high jump record at Pittsburgh (April 28).

**Mikhail Krivonozov**, husky Russian with one eye firmly focused on Olympics, whirled off toss of 216 feet 1/2 inch, bettered own world mark for hammer throw by more than four feet at Nalchik (April 25).

### BASEBALL

**Milwaukee**, idled by bad weather, moved into National League lead without swinging bat when Pittsburgh shocked Brooklyn 10-1, 11-3. St. Louis beat Cincinnati 5-3, Chicago 6-0 to take third while Redlegs swept four from Cubs, deserted cellar for fourth place when Wally Post hit four homers in Sunday double-header. New York's Ramon Montant raised Giant hopes with one-hit 8-1 win over Philadelphia.

Chicago outslugged Kansas City 9-7 in its only game, and it was enough to assume American League lead when New York could only win three out of five. Cleveland and Washington picked up pace, each winning four times.

### AUTO RACING

**Eugenio Castellotti**, daring Italian driver, skillfully maneuvered his powerful Ferrari at average speed of 85.49 mph over twisting, rain-slick roads to win disaster-filled Mille Miglia (see page 42).

### BOXING

**Rocky Marciano**, 32-year-old undefeated world heavyweight champion whose flailing fists beat down 49 professional opponents (43 by knockouts) in nine years, finally made momentous decision, announced his retirement from ring (see page 24), brought immediate title claims from managers of Light Heavyweight Champion Archie Moore (his last victim) and up-and-coming Floyd Patterson, promise of elimination series from IBC President James D. Norris. Rocky's reason: "I would be taking advantage of my family if I tried to fight any more."

British boxing suffered darkest hour as three of its best came to grief on same card. **Kid Gavilan**, his mambo step reduced to waltz three days, picked up beat in return match with young Peter Waterman (who won disputed decision Feb. 7), punched out 10-round decision. Other casualties: tubby British Heavyweight Champion Don Cockell, knocked out in second round by 22-year-old Tonga Islander Kitione Lave; Jack Gardner, Cockell's No. 1 challenger, battered into second-round TKO by 24-year-old Jamaican Joe Bygraves.

### TRACK & FIELD

**Villanova** won three titles, shared honors with Oxford's Donald Gorrie, Derek Johnson, Alan Gordon and Ian Boyd in Penn Relays at Philadelphia. In only lost-to-foot meeting, Villanova defeated Britons in record-breaking (9:58.1) distance medley as eager Ron Delany tore off 4:09.6 anchor

mile, best day won sprint medley and mile relay in record 3:11.9. Oxford's fast-moving foursome came back to take 4-mile and 2-mile events (see page 17).

**Duke's power-running Dave Sime** outran Abilene Christian's fleet Bobby Morrow by four feet in 0:50.4 hundred on waterlogged track, snapped 30-year-old Drake Relays record at Des Moines (see page 22).

### GYMNASTICS

**Jack Beckner**, Los Angeles Turners Club gymnast, and Mrs. **Sandra Ruddick** (see above) topped all-round field in combined AAU championships and Olympic tryouts at Penn State, were named to team which will represent U.S. at Melbourne. Other men picked: Dick Beckner, Karl Schwenzfeger, Abie Grossfeld, Joe Kotyn, Armando Vegas. The women: 15-year-old Muriel Davis, 17-year-old Joyce Rerek, Mrs. Judy Holt Howe, Jackie Klein, Doris Fuchs. The coach: Penn State's able Gene Wettstene.

### SAILING

**Bermuda** skippers, led by Sir Bayard Dill, outsailed U.S. and Canadian yachtsmen in International One-Design to take America Cup, went on to win four more trophies in International Race Week at Hamilton. Americans salvaged some glory, winning Chamberlain team races for 14-foot dinghies, ended colorful week when Warner Wilcox of Mamaroneck, N.Y. teamed with Bermuda's Bert Darrell to finish first in International One-Design free-for-all.

continued on page 6

## FOCUS ON THE DEED



**SAFE AT HOME**, Brooklyn's sliding Jackie Robinson eludes tag for his 19th steal of plate in game with New York Giants.



**DOWN AND OUT** goes Heavyweight Coley Wallace (he once beat Rocky Marciano in a tug-of-war) after fight by Bob Woodall.



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## SCOREBOARD continued from page 4



**James A. Farley**, politico-sportsman and oldtime first baseman, accepted gold medal from Metropolitan AAU in New York, offered practical advice to embattled officials. His suggestion: a worldwide canvass of amateur pollsters.



**Frank Umori**, one-time pro football turned umpire, defied tradition, wore glasses for game between Kansas City and Detroit, looked at it philosophically: "I expect to be ribbed . . . but I don't expect it will worry me."

## HORSE RACING

**Joe Jones**, last out of starting gate, moved up briskly on outside, gave backers anxious moment when he bled in on Find in stretch but responded to Jerkey Tony DeSpirito's whip in time to win by nose in \$34,800 Lincoln Special at Lincoln Downs, R.I.

**Toby B.**, lightly regarded 3-year-old off at 20 to 1, found muddy track to his liking, fought off challenging Derby contender Career Boy to take \$32,900 Blue Grass Stakes at Keeneland, Ky.

## GOLF

**Gene Littler**, handy little pro from San Diego, made early lead stand up, posted 281 to finish four strokes ahead of Cary Middlecoff, won Las Vegas' Tournament of Champions, \$10,000 first prize and whopping \$69,120 for Singer Frankie Laine, who "bought" Littler in legal auction.

## LACROSSE

Maryland's superior stick work and well-planned attack proved to be too much for Navy, produced 16-5 victory in hard-fought match before 11,500 at College Park, stretched winning streak to 20 and moved Terrapins step closer to second straight national title (see page 17).

## MILEPOST

**DIED**—Gresham Hough Poe, 75, retired investment broker, fox hunter, youngest of football-playing "six little Poes" who starred for Princeton in late 1800s; after long illness, at Baltimore.

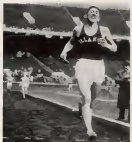
## FOR THE RECORD

### BASEBALL (Major League Results)

AMERICAN LEAGUE		Nat. City	
1. Chicago	5-2		
2. N.Y.	4-1		
3. Cleveland	5-5		
4. Wash.	2-6		
5. Boston	4-5		
6. Det.	4-6		
7. Kansas City	3-6		
8. Balt.	4-5		
NATIONAL LEAGUE			
1. Phila.	4-2		
2. St. Louis	3-4		
3. St. Louis	5-3		
4. Cincinnati	5-5		
5. N.Y.	5-6		
6. Phila.	4-5		
7. Pittsburgh	4-5		
8. Chicago	3-6		



**CROONER** Crosby chuckles while Comedian Hope grimly eyes ball at Las Vegas.



**MILER** Delaney of Villanova grins as he leads Oxford runner to finish in relay.



**Hillman Robbins**, young Memphis auto salesman, had trouble with his putter but dropped five-footer for bogey 5 on last hole, good enough to squeeze past Bill Hyndman, 1 up, in North and South Amateur final at Pinehurst, N.C.

#### BOXING

**ARCHIE MOORE**, 4-round KO over Sonny Andrews, heavyweights, Edmonton.  
**JAMES J. PARKER**, 5-round KO over Max Baehert, heavyweights, Dortmund, Germany.  
**CHARLEY JOSEPH**, 10-round split decision over Mike Savage, middleweights, New Orleans.  
**TONY DE WARD**, 10-round decision over Arthur Pernay, welterweights, Detroit.  
**ISAAC LOGART**, 10-round decision over Joe Meek, welterweights, Syracuse, N.Y.  
**BILLY (Sweetpea) PADDON**, 1-round KO over Kate Bruck, featherweights, Los Angeles.  
**FLASH FLORES**, 1-round TKO over Glen Lars, featherweights, San Francisco.

#### DOG RACING

**RALPH** owned by Cane and Crampton kennels, Belts, Md. Winslet Cup, Atlantic, Kan.

#### GOLF

**RETSY RAWLS**, Spartanburg, S.C., Peach Blossom-Betty Lewis Open, with 252 for 72 holes, Spartanburg.

#### HORSE RACING

**MYRTLE'S BET**, \$15,000 Colonial Handicap, 4 f., by neck, in 1:05 4/5, Garden State, N.J. Walter Blum up.  
**SON OF EMER**, \$12,700 Swift Stakes, 5 f., by neck, in 1:11 3/5, Jamaica, N.Y. Willie Sealed up.  
**BOBBY ERICATO**, \$16,625 San Francisco Handicap, 1 1/8 m., by 1 length, in 1:42 1/5, Tenthren, Calif. Johnny Longfellow up.

#### HUNT RACING

**LAKHOREL**, Maryland Hunt Cup, 4 m., by 12 lengths, in 8:57 1/5, Shrewsbury, Md. Frank A. Bernal Jr. up.

#### BOWING

**COBBELL**, over Harry and Syracuse, by 1 3/4 lengths, in 4:35 1/2, 1 mile, Lake George, Syracuse, N.Y.  
**YALF**, over Pace and Columbia, by 4 lengths, in 7:12 6 for 1 5/16 m., Schuylkill River, Philadelphia.

#### SOCCER

**CHICAGO SCHWABER**, over Hammonds (Pa.) Hurricanes, 1-0, first game, Hill Open Cup, Chicago.  
**ISRAEL OLYMPIC TEAM**, over American League All-Stars, 2-1, New York.

#### TENNIS

**ELMOE PATTY**, Los Angeles, over Hans Rickertsen, 1-6, 6-3, 6-3, British hard-court title, Beaumont.  
**PANCHI SORZALES**, over Tony Timber, 3 matches to 1, Guadalupe leads World Pro Tour 6-1-1.



**MUSCULAR** Mr. U.S.A. (Bill Pearl) gets aged by Miss U.S.A. (Paulette Nelson).



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# HOTBOX

## The Question:

*What did you want to be when you were a boy? (Asked at the Masters Golf Tournament, Augusta, Ga.)*



**JACK BURKE JR.**

*Houston, Texas  
Winner of the Masters*



I was born to be a golf pro and I never wanted to be anything else. My father was a golf pro for 33 years before he died in 1943. He imbued me with the sportsmanship you find in golf to so much greater an extent than in other sports. Wish he could have lived to see me win the Masters.

**KEN VENTURI**

*San Francisco  
Runner-up in the Masters*



A dentist. However, I coddled at 6 and began to play golf at 12. I did take a pre-dental course at San Jose State, but I graduated as a major in social science. Now, at 24, I want to be a successful businessman. I'm off to a good start as vice-president of Lake Merced Motors.

**CARY MIDDLECOFF**

*Memphis, Tenn.  
Masters champion, 1955*



As early as I can remember I wanted to be a professional baseball player. At 16, I was rudely awakened from this daydream. The family began to build, or knock dentistry into me. What chance did I have with two well-known dentists and two famous surgeons in the family?

**JIMMY DEMARET**

*Kiameska Lake, N.Y.  
First to win three Masters championships*



I took it for granted that I'd follow in my father's footsteps. He was a painter, carpenter, contractor and real estate operator. But I started playing golf when I was 12 and soon learned that I could follow through better with a golf club than with a paintbrush or hammer.

**JOE CONRAD**

*San Antonio, Texas  
British Amateur champion, 1955*



The President of the United States. My teachers told me that I could be President if I really wanted to. I believed them, but I was young, 7 or 8. At 13, I knew better, and at 14 I began playing golf. That ended my dream of becoming President and saved the job for Ike.

**BOB FORD**

*Yonkers, N.Y.  
PGA champion, 1955*



A big league baseball player. I played a lot of semipro baseball around New York after playing with Buddy Kerr at George Washington High. The farthest I got was a chance with the Yankee chain. I've often wondered whether baseball would have been as kind to me as golf has been.

**GEORGE SCHNEITER**

*Salt Lake City, Utah  
Nevada Open champion*



All I could see as a kid was golf. I grew up across from the Ogden Country Club in Utah. I caddied at 7, was a caddy-master at 14, an assistant pro at 16 and a pro at 18. In later years I did get some business sense. Now I raise cattle, own a finance company and have banking interests.

**HENRY G. PICARD**

*Cleveland  
Winner of Masters, 1955  
PGA champion, 1959*



I was practical, even as a boy. I grew up in Plymouth, Mass. and wanted to be an accountant. One day, while caddying at the Plymouth Country Club, my boss, Don Vinton, the golf pro, asked me to go south with him to the Charleston Country Club. I've been in golf ever since.

**ED FURGOL**

*St. Louis, Mo.  
U.S. Open champion, 1954*



A pro golfer. I liked the atmosphere and excitement of golf, and the men who played it. I saw more understanding and sportsmanship among pro golfers than in any other class of professional men. They're all humble because they can look great one day and be duffers the next.

*continued on next page*

**LLOYD MANGRUM**



Apple Valley, Calif.  
Winner, 1946 U.S.  
Open, 1956 L.A. Open

I had no idea. I didn't care and I didn't think that way. I guess I wanted to be a millionaire. Still do. However, I grew up in Dallas, Texas, and I did have a vague notion of becoming a rancher. But at 14 I wanted to be a golfer and I've been in golf ever since.

**JOE CAMPBELL**



Anderson, Ind.  
National Collegiate  
Golf Champion

My home town, Anderson, is a great basketball town, and, like most kids around today, I first wanted to be a basketball star. What I'm studying today is the inevitable follow-up of my early ambition. I'm at Purdue University, studying to be a teacher and an athletic coach.

**MIKE SOUCHAK**



Durham, N.C.  
Winner of the Houston  
and Texas Opens

I never wanted to be anything but a golfer. My earliest recollections are of the golf course at Berwick, Pa., my home town. Started playing at 6. When I was 10, my score was under 100. At 16 I could occasionally break 80 and finished third in a Penn State tournament.

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Weather  
or not



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## MEMO FROM THE PUBLISHER



**L**AST JANUARY first you could say, in theory at least, that the odds against the 1956 Kentucky Derby winner were 9,010 to 1. On that date 9,010 Thoroughbreds, by agreement among the people who raise them, celebrated their third birthday. By February 15th the odds had dwindled, once more in theory, to 169 to 1, the long end being the number of Derby nominations at that closing date.

By post time this Saturday the theoretical odds, thanks to attrition and the common horse sense which determines scratches, will be down to 16 or 10 to 1—although the actual odds will be something else again, a more accurate reflection of the difference of opinion which, it has been said, makes horse races.

This difference of opinion continues to grow—for horse racing now knows no season, and with more than 25,000 Thoroughbreds running each year, at least one of the almost 100 tracks in this country is in operation every week. These figures suggest why *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* doesn't try to see every race every day. *SI* does aim, however, to be at the right place at the right time to catch the main performance and, in addition, to fill in the background which makes a main performance meaningful.

As preparation for the performance of the racing year this Saturday *SI* has followed, chapter by chapter, the jockeying for position among the 3-year-olds in Florida, California, New York and Maryland; has visited Kentucky horse country in the spring; has presented the almost legendary Colonel Chinn, a real figure who represents what makes Kentucky traditionally synonymous with horses. And now *SI* presents the Derby Preview (page 36).

Among special features to come, *SI* plans a comprehensive look at jockeys, with a special text by Eddie Arcaro on some of the tricks of the track which have made him master of his trade; and a major article on great champions of the past: Count Fleet, Assault, Citation and Native Dancer. And, of course, *SI* intends, year round, to be at the right place at the right time, wherever they're off and running.

The right place right now is, for sure, Churchill Downs. *SI* will be there with Whitney Tower and our photographers. An added starter (but no dark horse) will be J. P. Marquand, taking time off from the trials and tribulations of Happy Knoll to report on the facts and fancies of the one event the owners of 9,010 horses on last January first would like most to win—on this or any first Saturday in May.

*Harry Phillips*





## When protection cannot be "almost" complete

**I**F YOU HAVE GOOD TIRES on your family car, you've done almost everything you can to protect against blowouts . . . almost.

But, you see, any tire in the world—even brand-new—may blow out if it's cut through or severely damaged. At high speeds, that could be tragic.

New Nylon Cord LifeGuard Blowout Shields by Goodyear give you proved protection—an extra reserve of air to prevent the tragedy of blowout accidents.

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# Cadillac



## EVENTS &amp; DISCOVERIES

THE BIG TEN EXAMINES ITSELF • THE COLLEGIATE, OR FRANK MERRIWELL, BRAND OF BASEBALL • DERBY ODDS FROM TIJUANA • OGDONIANS AND AN IRISHMAN IN PHILLY • SERIOUS LACROSSE

## ON THE FUTURE OF FOOTBALL

IT HAS BEEN a little as if a deep fissure were slowly splitting a handsome wall—at first an almost imperceptible crack but gradually building into an ugly and dangerous scar.

The original incidents were somewhat isolated and infrequent enough to form no definite pattern. A year ago it was Texas A&M: a two-year probation for tampering with high school athletes in violation of the Southwest Conference rules on recruiting. Last fall it was Alabama: a \$1,000 fine after some overzealous alumni had showered gifts on a prospective back. Early this year it was Auburn: an indefinite suspension in the Southeast Conference for paying \$500 each to a pair of twins who looked like fine football prospects.

By February, a player revolt at the University of Washington had led to an absurd situation in which half the friends of Washington's unsuccessful football team were name-calling the other half—and revealing the existence of an illegal if well-intentioned slush fund to support college athletes (SI, Feb. 26). On the heels of this came the testimony of a onetime UCLA player that he and his teammates had drawn illegal salaries. Last month Alabama reappeared with a player revolt of its own (SI, April 30) which, although it involved no conference irregularities, underscored the growing problem of maintaining subsidized athletes.

Intercollegiate football started as part of the recreational sports program at most good-sized universities, developed into their most popular spectator attraction and soon became the financial backbone of the collegiate athletic system. Everyone enjoys the football season immensely, but the question keeps intruding: Is the great bear hug of national enthusiasm stifling the most engrossing of all college games?

And now comes the news about Ohio State. Of course, most people know that masses of fleet halfbacks and beefy guards do not arrive on a given campus through sheer luck. Most everyone also knows that Ohio State is favored to win its third straight Big Ten title this year along with an invitation to the Rose Bowl on New Year's Day. And those who read SI's Oct. 24 issue learned, among more striking matters, that Coach Woody Hayes sometimes lends money from his own pocket to players who are financially strapped. But it was generally assumed that this great football power of the Middle West remained within the rather liberal bounds of Big Ten regulations.

Not so, apparently. After a three-month investigation, Kenneth L. (Tug) Wilson, Commissioner of the Western Conference, announced from Chicago that he was putting OSU "in a state of probationary membership in the intercollegiate conference for a

period of no less than one year"; that the university "shall under no circumstances be considered . . . eligible to represent the conference in the Rose Bowl football game"; and that "none of the athletes who were beneficiaries of the irregularities . . . shall be presented for eligibility until I have approved satisfactory evidence."

Tug Wilson had traveled to Columbus to find out about Hayes's personal loans to his athletes. Hayes would give him no accounting and simply admitted that during the past five years he had lent about \$400 a year to various players in need of help. Wilson looked further and discovered "a serious irregularity" in the off-campus work program which provides OSU athletes, particularly football players, with salaries up to \$100 a month and occasionally higher. Most of these jobs are with the state—things like paging for the legislature or clerking for the

continued on next page

## CURRENT WEEK &amp; WHAT'S AHEAD

Don't expect Nashua and Swamp to meet again in the proposed \$300,000 match race on the West Coast. There is, however, a very strong possibility that the two great Thoroughbreds will wind up on the same Kentucky stud farm, if Ellsworth & Co. decide to cash in on their champion's breeding promise.

Harvey Kuenn, Detroit's 25-year-old slugging shortstop, learned from his wife that his draft board wanted to see him on May 11. Later, Casey Stengel was asked if Kuenn's absence would hurt the Tigers. "The Tigers might be hurt," said the Yankee manager, "but the pitching all over the league will improve."

John Landy, Australia's and the world's supreme miler, sounded unduly pessimistic as he left Australia for his U.S. debut on May 5 in California, where he will be paced by Lon Spurrier, world record holder in the 880. "The true potential of any athlete

never is fully realized," he observed. "I know that I am 20 yards better in time than when I created the world record [3 min. 58 sec.]. Despite this, I cannot get that time on the board."

Australia's Olympic officials were meanwhile gloating over an advance sale of 60,000 tickets, of which 45,000 were orders from schools whose pupils will attend in huge blocs. Nearly all lower-priced seats have been sold for November 28, the sixth day of the Games, when Landy, the national idol, will probably appear in the 5,600-meter race.

Oregon's Supreme Court ruled that a baseball fan must assume the risk of being hit by a foul ball. In an historic *ouster* decision, the justices pointed out—while setting aside a judgment of \$2,400 for William Hunt—that the plaintiff could have ducked out of the way if he had been paying attention to the game at the Portland Beavers' ball park.

## EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

continued from page 15

highway department; but some of the more rabid fans, including prominent Columbus businessmen, also hire athletes. The trouble was that in numerous instances the athletes seemed to have collected their wages in advance, without anybody notably concerned if they ever performed the work for which they had been paid. Naming no names, Wilson declared such players ineligible until they catch up with their back work.

Most of the Ohio State campus and downtown Columbus was in a rage over Wilson's edict. Not that they pleaded innocent. One player summed up the feeling when he said: "If they think we're bad, they should look around at a few other schools." Coach Hayes thought about the punishment and then roared: "No, I don't think it is a bit fair." As an analogy he explained that they pinch a motorist for speeding, "but they don't send him to the gallows, do they?"

In this case, the gallows consists of depriving Ohio State of a postseason excursion to Pasadena (assuming they earn it on the gridiron). But is there anything in the punishment to prevent Hayes and his players from having a whopping good time playing out their 1956 schedule with other colleges, just as the basic idea of a college sports program intends? If the fissure that is working its way through college football is to be repaired, not just patched over, Ohio's penalty will be a small price to pay for the boon to sport.

### YALE 3, CORNELL 2

LIKE TELEVISION and southern cooking, college baseball can be pretty awful and pretty good. Brown University, to take a case, looked pretty awful the other day in losing (with the help of nine errors) to Navy by a score of 16-3. At the same time Yale and Cornell were providing an afternoon of baseball that had high entertainment value, some good pitching, some stylish fielding and one catch that an old Yale man named Frank Merriwell would have been glad to claim. Yale, as it usually did in Frank's day, won, 3-2, for its 14th in a row in two seasons.

The game was played before a crowd of about 200 at Yale Field, which is complete with such major league comforts as a public-address system, a big electric scoreboard, printed score cards and a hot dog and soda pop salesman alert enough to switch to hot coffee

when the sun vanishes into the clouds.

From this knowing crowd, a casual visitor could pick up all sorts of interesting information. For instance, Frank McGowan, scout for the Baltimore Orioles, was on hand. The Yale team had had the benefit this spring of a Florida training trip. Bill DeGraaf, the Cornell pitcher, was also Bill DeGraaf, the Cornell quarterback. Don Pruett, in right field for Yale, was the son of Dr. Hubert Pruett of St. Louis who, as Shucks Pruett of the old Browns, used to strike out Babe Ruth with (to the Babe) infuriating regularity. Ethan Allen, Yale coach, was the same Ethan Allen who played the outfield in both big leagues, wrote several baseball books, invented a parlor game called All-Star Baseball.

As for this game, it got off in big league style. Ken MacKenzie, the Yale left-hander and captain, forced the first three men who faced him to pop up feebly. He walked Nick Schiff to open the second inning, but a double play nullified that, and then MacKenzie went on to allow only two scratch hits until the ninth. In the fourth he was saved from some bad trouble when Jim Brown went after John Simek's long fly to left and dived into the bleacher seats for it. Brown managed to rise up and show that he had caught the ball, then collapsed. He was carried off on a stretcher but was able to start walking around before the game was over.

Ray Lamontagne, Yale center fielder, hitting in the cleanup position, was the principal offender against Cornell's DeGraaf. Lamontagne accounted for three of Yale's seven hits and sent a long fly to center to score Haasler with the winning run in the seventh. Without him in there, Bill DeGraaf—who pitched the full game for Cornell—

certainly would have had a more pleasurable afternoon.

Yale's MacKenzie got in trouble in the ninth. After fanning Dick Meade, he walked DeGraaf (who hits No. 3). Nick Schiff thereupon singled to left, and after John Simek popped up, Cornell's John Anderiuh singled to center for his first hit of the afternoon, scoring DeGraaf. Earl Taylor then relieved MacKenzie and walked John Marchell, hitting for Mott, to fill the bases. The hitter was now Clayton Haviland who had replaced Flynn at second base. Earl Taylor looked him in the eye, hitched up his pants like a pro and forced him to fly out to center. Totals: for Cornell, two runs, five hits, two errors. For Yale, three runs, seven hits, one error—and a firm hold on first place in the Eastern Intercollegiate League.

### ON YOUR MARK

DOWN IN TIA JUANA, where the laws of Mexico look kindly on book-making, the Alessio brothers John and Tony closed their Kentucky Derby future book (SI, May 2, '55) and are now sitting back with a veteran air. Needles (2 to 1) is the favorite in their book, closely followed by Career Boy (5 to 2) and Head Man (4 to 1). After that come Count Chic, Pintor Lea and Terrang (all 6 to 1), Fabius (8 to 1), Ben A. Jones and Countmand (10 to 1), No Regrets (15 to 1), Besmer and High King (30 to 1).

The four "bad" horses, from the book's standpoint, are Count Chic, Terrang, Reaping Right and Ben A. Jones—the latter a 3-year-old chestnut not to be confused with Calumet Trainer Ben A. Jones, who may saddle a horse or two of his own in the big race. Count Chic, Terrang, et al. would be "bad" winners from the book's standpoint because of their relatively low esteem early in the winter season, when Count Chic, for instance, was rated 30 to 1. Not long after, Count Chic went to Florida and ran a smashing second to Needles, and the wagers poured in.

"The money on Ben A. Jones came from Calgary, Canada," confides Tony Alessio. "You know, when Kefauver closed the 'action' in Chicago, all of what we call 'hot stuff' moved to Calgary. Ben A. Jones was originally 80 to 1 and we got a lot of action on him." Tony calls the Calgary wagers "informed money," and the mere fact that Ben A. Jones has trained up through the winter and spring and is likely to be among those present in the starting



### LAME EXCUSE

*He favors his father,  
Some say, but I see,  
Since his toe caught that hurdle,  
He favors his knee.*

—RICHARD ARMOUR

gate at Churchill Downs worries Tony a bit.

Needles, on the other hand, would be a "good" winner for the Alessios. "I was routed out of bed at 8 a.m. the other morning," says Tony. "A guy is on the phone wants to know if he can bet \$20,000 on Needles—\$10,000 to win, \$10,000 to place. I tell him 'sure.' There is a very good friend of mine sitting right alongside him as he makes the call, and I tell him my friend will tell him how to make the bet. He seems stunned we will take the action and says he will call me back. He hasn't called back. Needles will be a good winner for us; we were on to him early. Fabius would be even better. If he wins, we'll have champagne."

Tony is planning to break away from Tia Juana long enough to see the Derby in person. His personal inclination: Head Man.

#### VISITORS' DAY AT PENN

DRESSED in traditional gray flannels, natty blue blazers and the skimmer straws which Englishmen wear to disguise the fact that Englishmen simply do not believe in patronizing a barber-shop more than half a dozen times a year, a quartet of runners from Oxford University "popped" into Philadelphia for the 62nd running of the Penn Relays. Ian Boyd, Donald Gorie, Alan Gordon and the British half-mile champion Derek Johnson came over to scout the American talent (in particular, Pitt's fleet-footed Arnie Sowell, "a positive menace—unless you've got 30 yards on him") and at the same time to pick up a few trophies to add to the two rather faded 1914 and 1923 Penn Relay banners which hang in Oxford's ancient and dilapidated pavilion at Ilfley Road track.

On Philadelphia's Municipal Stadium track which was pounded to beachhead consistency by 3,000 other athletes, the boys from Oxford did not disappoint. Under the watchful eyes of Arnold Strode-Jackson, anchor man of the Oxford team which won the four-mile relay back in 1914, and of 35,000 strenuously cheering fans, the Oxonians ran

away from the field in the four-mile, came back an hour later with Johnson—his jet black hair streaming in the wind—making up a 10-yard deficit and thrusting on to win the two-mile event by 20 yards.

But the lads came a cropper in their other event, the distance medley. And wouldn't you know it was an Irishman who spoiled the Englishmen's show? Villanova's Ronald Delany from Dublin, undefeated throughout the indoor season, took over the baton for the running of the anchor mile with a two-yard deficit to Ian Boyd, Oxford's hope. It was just the position Delany wanted: for three and a half laps he hung at Boyd's shoulder and let the waxy 130-pound Englishman fight the wind and pace the race. When he had had enough of this dilly-dally pace, Delany spurred past Boyd on the backstretch as though the Oxonian were treading water and went on to finish 20 yards in front, a grin the size of Baile Átha Cliath itself on his face.

Sportingly, the Oxonians offered no excuses, could find no reason for defeat other than the fact that they had "run very badly" and "weren't quite as good as we thought we were." But perhaps Mr. Delany inadvertently gave the reason for Oxford's defeat. Shaking hands with congratulators, he paused to listen to a Canadian who turned out to be not quite *ex courant* in regard to the situation abroad.

"Mr. Delany," blurted the Canadian, "I hadn't realized you were from Ireland! How wonderful, you'll be running for us at the Olympics!" Removing his hand gently but abruptly from the Canadian's clasp, Mr. Delany stepped back an inch or so, and *not* in his usual self-effacing and gentle manner observed, "Ireland is not a part of the British Empire." And with that Mr. Delany turned sharply on his heel and sprinted off.

#### CRACK AND CRUNCH

LACROSSE is a state institution in Maryland, like crab cakes and the late H. L. Mencken. Kids play it on the streets of Baltimore and Annapolis the way they play corkball in St. Louis and stickball in New York. In all the bigger colleges and most of the high schools it is a major sport, often the major sport.

Last Saturday, in sticky, unsensational 87° weather, 11,500 passionate fans turned out for the Navy-University of Maryland game at College Park. At the same time, only 12 miles away in Washington, a major league game between the locally favorite Orioles and the Senators drew 3,800.

While the game's grip on Marylanders can hardly be explained rationally, it is a fact even the casual visitor cannot escape. On the sprawling, hilly College Park campus, lacrosse-men often

*continued on next page*



"We'll have to start the fights earlier. The Margress of Queensberry has to be home no later than 10. That's one of his wife's rules."

## EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

*'continued from page 17'*

carry their sticks with them and toss the ball back and forth as they walk between classes. This is more than just fun; constant practice is necessary to acquire sure control of passing and catching the small, solid-rubber ball with the shallow net attached to the end of a slender hickory stick, and stick handling is by all odds the most important element in the game. Aside from this, lacrosse is simple enough, the



object being to pass and carry the ball downfield and fling it past the defending team into a low net that resembles the goal in ice hockey. Much of the playmaking is like basketball: give-and-go, pivot, cut-feed-and-shoot. But lacrosse's standout distinction is the constant vigorous body blocking and checking permissible under the rules. This and the freedom to whack opposing players' sticks when the ball is being passed or carried, gives the game its own sound effects also: the sharp crack of hickory, the dull crunch of shoulders digging into ribs.

Before Saturday's game, Navy's All-America football end (and lacrosse midfielder) Ron Beagle explained why he would risk another season of hard body-contact sport, especially since he still wore a cast from elbow to wrist on his right arm, the result of a football injury: "In the first place, lacrosse is a big thing at Annapolis. This Maryland game means the same to us as Army-Navy in football. It's a game that demands top physical condition; the constant running back and forth is so different from stop-and-go football. I've seen football men complete spring practice and then have to start getting in shape to play lacrosse. I guess you could say it's a challenge."

Minutes later, Beagle was himself demonstrating the accuracy of his remarks. As soon as the game began, it was clear that part of Navy's strategy was for Beagle to fall off his own man and help his teammate carry the Maryland ball carrier, a form of double teaming common enough in other sports. Beagle ran and ran but unfortunately for Navy, the tactic was sadly ineffective. Maryland quickly proved far more skillful at stick handling; their short, crisp passing often bewildered Navy, whose own passes resembled long,

soft lobbs that were regularly intercepted. At half time, the score (Maryland 5, Navy 3) was no indication of the Terrapins' superiority. The statistics were. Maryland had taken 35 shots at the Navy goal; Navy had possession of the ball only often enough to take 14. Navy's goalie, Cliff Eley, had managed some remarkable saves to keep the score down, but even he must have wondered how long he could check the law of averages.

Between halves, both the coaches guessed wrong, luckily, as it turned out, for Maryland, not so for Navy. Maryland's Jack Faber had only one bit of advice for his men: "The first five minutes of the second half are going to be the most important in the game. Those guys will be coming back all hopped up. Keep the pressure on."

In the Navy dressing room, Coach "Dinty" Moore was saying: "Just stay with 'em for the first five or ten minutes. Pretty soon that heat out there will slow them down, and then we'll go."

Moore was banking on the Navy team's traditional fitness to counter Maryland's skill. It didn't work. The Terrapins refused to wilt; instead they outran Navy the rest of the way. As one Middle bench warmer put it gloomily: "Every time there's a loose ball, three of them are after it to one of our guys." The final score: 10-5, Maryland.

Few Midshipmen of the 1,100 who

asked to attend the game on their own time and at their own expense were inclined to take this particular defeat philosophically, but not just because Maryland would now almost surely go on to the national championship. There was another reason, a symptom of the statewide lacrosse fever. Said First Classman Charles Vickery: "Our rivalry with Army is a friendly thing. With Maryland, it's serious."

## FAREWELL TO SPORT

WHEN AN ACTOR retires he makes a dramatic farewell appearance, preferably before crowned heads; a retiring politician calls a press conference; a retiring soldier calls on the Veterans Administration. But an athlete? Last week Rocky Marciano, having notified the world that he is abdicating his title (see page 24), visited Grossinger's, a spa in the Catskills where he did all his training, and nailed up the entrance to his dressing room.

## UP, BIG GREEN

THE TOWN of Winchester, Mass., has just resolved the question of whether to paint its new parking meters red or green. It took a decision of the five-man Board of Selectmen to settle the matter and the vote was 3 to 2 for green. The board consists of three Dartmouth men and two Harvards.

## SPECTACLE

# SEATTLE SEND-OFF

One of the world's busiest boating towns opens the season with a multimillion dollar regatta

On May 5 at 12:30 p.m., a starter's gun will boom out over Portage Bay, and \$3,500,000 worth of boats, ranging in size from tiny putt-putts to plush diesel cruisers, will pull away from the crowded shores around the Seattle Yacht Club (right) to start the boating season. This year the colorful parade shown on the following pages opens the season not only for Seattle, but for yachting centers all across the northern United States, where the chill winds of a late spring have kept all but the frost-biters off the water. In Buzzards' Bay, Mass. this week, preparations were being made for the first Olympic sailing trials in mid-May. In Solomons, Md., outboards were being cranked up for a May 13 marathon; and in Wisconsin the first coats of varnish went onto the sleek racing scows. Nowhere, however, was there more activity than in Seattle, where each summer 50,000 yachtsmen (page 23) take to the water.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BURT GLINN









**SPRING PARADE** of yachts past open span of Montlake Bridge on Lake Washington Canal officially opens Seattle's boating season. More than 400 sailboats and motor cruisers, gaily decorated with signal flags, gather for procession on Portage Bay (background), then funnel through canal on way to Union Bay, where they pass in review before commodores of Seattle Yacht Club.



YACHT "ANADA," MADE UP AS ST MON SIDE WHEELER COMPLETE WITH TOP-HATTED GAMBLERS AND DANCING GIRLS, WON NOTRE DAME

TAKING SALUTE from passing boats, club commodores snap to attention on the crowded fantail of the power cruiser *Blue Peter*.



TAKING THE CAKE, bearded tars and girls in gold swim-suits celebrate best-dressed-boat award for Victor Beck's sloop *Vizco*.



# SEATTLE: CITY ON THE WATER

by EMMETT WATSON

Set between Lake Washington's calm waters and 2,000 miles of salt-water coast, Seattle offers an endless variety of boating to 50,000 yachtsmen

ONE EVENT more than any other, the colorful, crowded Opening Day Regatta pictured on the preceding pages, brings into sharp focus the mass mania for boating that has overtaken the city of Seattle. The celebration, scheduled for May 5 this year, involves nearly a thousand boats decorated with signal flags, dancing girls and anything else the owners happen to think of. It is, in short, as big and uninhibited as a regatta can get. But in Seattle, the boating capital of the Northwest and perhaps the busiest yachting town in the country, the opening celebration is just one more party in a season filled with fun on the water.

Seattle is, in fact, a city of water. No less than 50,000 people own boats in and around the town, and a casual look at Seattle's geography (see map pages 50-51) will tell you why. Western Washington's metropolis rises almost straight out of sheltered Puget Sound, dividing the salty headlands of the sound from one of the nation's great aquatic playgrounds—a tranquil, 16-mile-long body of water called Lake Washington. Just north of Seattle's downtown office district lies smaller Lake Union, where a fortunate dentist, doctor, lawyer or businessman can look down on the tantalizing sight of his own boat moored and awaiting his leisure.

The city itself is almost surrounded by 193 miles of waterfront, including 100 miles of fresh-water mooring space. Cutting east and west through the town, the Lake Washington ship canal equalizes the 33-foot difference in water level between sound and lake, giving boat owners the run of about 2,000 miles of incredibly beautiful coastline dotted with small islands and safe harbors south all the way to Olympia and north to British Columbia and beyond.

In the past year alone, 34,573 pleasure boats carrying 275,781 passengers—almost half the population of the town—were checked through the Government Locks at the western end of the canal, with marine traffic jams on Memorial Day and the Fourth of July that would make a Chicago cop shrink back in horror.

To occupy this bustling mob of boating enthusiasts, there is a wide and happy variety of boating to be found right on Seattle's watery doorstep. For a working man on a tight budget, boating in Seattle means family outings in the precious daylight hours after quitting time in a \$500 to \$1,000 outboard cruiser. For an executive owning a \$30,000 yacht, it may mean weeks of concentrated cruising out of Puget Sound to the islands of British Columbia

and even Alaska. One typical boat-owning Seattleite might well be 13-year-old Billy Schumacher Jr., who last year won the national Class JU and AU stock outboard championships against some of the best racers in the world. But Billy is only one youngster picked from the large group of Seattle teen-agers who are ignoring cars for boats. The Seattle Outboard Association reports that nearly 50% of its 200 registered racing outfits are manned by teen-agers.

Another typical Seattle boat lover is a chap named George Prince, a transplanted Easterner, who lives on the shore of Lake Washington. George's pleasure comes from rowing a one-man shell right off his front yard in the same waters where the bellying hydroplanes, like Willard Rhodes's *Miss Thrifway*, or Stan Sayres's hallowed "Old Lady," *Slo-Mo IV*, take their regular tune-up runs.

Then there is the Seattle obstetrician who sails off his home on Lake Washington, keeping a wary eye on his private dock, where a very special kind of storm warning may go up any instant. To keep the doctor posted, his wife hangs diapers on a pole. A single diaper is the first warning: "Patient going into labor." But two diapers herald the crisis: "For heaven's sake, turn to."

Rowing is a deeply meshed source of Seattle pride. Every spring and fall a big, graying Dane named Al Ulbrickson sends the University of Washington's famed eight-oared shells skimming over the lake in daily workouts. The university's Conibear shellhouse houses 17 eight-oared shells and six fours—all of them designed and built by George Pocock, a master builder who holds an American monopoly in construction of the light, thin-skinned craft. Scattered over the nation are the Navy's Rusty Callow and 10 other Washington-bred crew coaches, five of them trained by Ulbrickson himself.

This remarkable boom in fun afloat, besides creating a critical shortage of mooring space, has made Seattle and Puget Sound the playground for some of the nation's top boating events. In 1950, for example, Auto Dealer Stan Sayres took his Seattle-bred *Slo-Mo IV* overland to the Detroit River and won the Gold Cup. Exercising his right as champion, Sayres elected to defend his title on Lake Washington—which he successfully did for four consecutive years with *Slo-Mo IV* and her sister ship *Slo-Mo V* in front of home town crowds up to 500,000. Even last summer, when Joe Schoenith's *Gulf V* won the Gold Cup back

continued on page 50

## ABDICATION OF A KING

As the IBC prepared to defend its sway over all that is most profitable in boxing, the IBC's biggest single money-maker, Rocky Marciano, heavyweight champion of the world, announced he had made up his mind at last and was through with fighting.

The nice guy who finished first paid the ring a glum farewell. For all that Rocky wore a gay silk suit of electric blue, his mood was not that of a bridegroom celebrating the end of bachelorhood. What Rocky was saying goodby to had been his best bet for fame from the day he slugged a hully who tried to take a baseball away from him. His tropic-tanned face bore a look of moody resignation to the future. For a quickly assembled gathering of reporters, newsreel and TV photographers, he summed it up:

"Boxing has been my whole world. I'm so happy that I got into boxing. Boxing has been everything to me. It's pretty hard. . . ."



CHAMPION ROCKY MARCIANO TELLS THE WORLD HE HAS RETIRED

What moved him, then, to quit the world's heavyweight championships, when, as he said, he had "two or three fights left" in him? Fear of being hurt, perhaps? Training drudgery? Too much weight?

It was none of these, Rocky said. He had never been badly hurt in the ring, though he took more punishment than a skilled boxer would absorb. The training grind had begun to pall but was not decisive. His weight was 212 and he had trained down to fighting trim (187 pounds) from as much as 210. He quit, he said, because of "my wife, my family, my father, my folks."

"It's being away from the folks, being away from home, not being together."

Who would succeed him?

"Archie Moore I happen to know about and he has a good chance. From what I've been reading, Floyd Patterson seems to be everybody's favorite. I think Hurricane Jackson has a good chance."

That was a cue for James D. Norris, seated at Rocky's left, to agree with these selections for an elimination tournament. He also mentioned Johnny Holman, Bob Baker and Nino Valdes, though Holman has lost to Ezzard Charles, Baker has lost to Jackson, and Valdes has lost to pretty nearly everyone. But Holman and Baker are to fight 12 rounds at Miami Beach on May 9 in what is now billed as the first of these elimination bouts.

And would Rocky perhaps return to the ring a year or so hence to take on the winner of the elimination tournament? He didn't say positively one way or the other.

"I don't believe so," Rocky said. "If Joe Louis couldn't make a successful comeback I don't think I would try it. I will definitely try to stay retired and profit by the mistakes others have made."

## CONVERSATION

# SUBJECT:

by JOAN FLYNN DREYSPOL

MY HUSBAND and I came to New York for a wedding, so last Friday I want to go to St. Patrick's church," Rocky Marciano's mother said. "I go and light a candle like I always do for Rocky. Then I come out and in a store I see a pretty hat and I buy that. Then on the way back to the hotel, I buy a paper, and I see Rocky's pitch in the paper. What's his pitch dein' in the paper, I wonder. I brought it upstairs to my husband who was in bed because he wasn't feelin' good. 'Look,' I said, 'we are goin' to read the paper . . . there's somethin' about Rocky.'"

"I know, I know," my husband tell me, "Rocky was already here. Rocky's retired."

Mrs. Peter Marchegiano repeated the phrase, "Rocky's retired." She liked the sound of it. "Rocky's retired," she repeated. It was something she had dreamt about and lit many candles for, but last Friday her prayers were answered.

"It's like something big is off my shoulders," said the mother of the retired heavyweight champion.

"I didn't see Rocky then for two hours," she went on, "he was with so many people having what you call a press conference. Then when Rocky come here, he was happy, and he was a little sad too."

"I don't know whether I did the right thing, mom," he said.

"Yes, you did. You did the right thing," I told him.

Mrs. Marchegiano's words were echoed by Barbara Marciano, Rocky's wife, who was at the Marciano home in Brockton at the time with her 3½-year-old daughter, Mary Anne.

"It's wonderful," she said. "It's what I've wanted. Now it's finally happened."

Rocky's sister, Conge (short for Concetta), reflected her family's feeling when she said, "Everybody's real thrilled."

Rocky is too.

"I've been thinkin' about it and

# ROCKY MARCIANO

*Rocky "wants to go out champion, well heeled, well liked," wrote Joan Flynn Dreysspool in a notable SI*

*CONVERSATION PIECE last January. When he retired Friday, Mrs. Dreysspool reached him for this sequel*

thinkin' about it and thinkin' about it and finally I did it," he said, his voice full of excitement, when I talked to him 24 hours after he had announced his retirement.

A man who ordinarily loves mobs of people around him, Rocky had gone into a self-enforced seclusion at Grossinger's, the Catskill Mountain resort where he trained for all of his title fights. Now, sitting alone in a bungalow named "Rocky Marciano," the newly retired champion almost seemed to regret that he had cut himself off so quickly.

*Would the people like him as much? That seemed to be his concern.*

"What are they saying?" he asked. "They all think you did the right thing," I told him.

"Good. Good," he said happily. "I think so too."

"Some people wonder, though, whether your decision to retire now had anything to do with the IBC court case. Jim Norris might have wanted you to retire now just to show the IBC is willing to release its fighters."

"You know," Rocky said confidentially, "I was surprised they didn't ask me that question at the press conference. . . . Actually, it was just a question of timing. As you know, I had been thinking about it for a long time, but this was the first time I had been in New York since my South American trip, so I waited. A lot of people have wondered: what's the tie-in?" he added. "But I made my own decision. I wanted to get out before it was too late," he said. "One of the things that influenced me was Joe Louis. He always was my idol. I hated to see all those things happen to him."

"I've made enough money out of fighting, and I've saved what I possibly could. Charlie Goldman and Al Weill have seen to that."

"What about Al Weill, and those charges in California that he took \$10,000 off your purse?"

"I believe Al is an honest guy," he

said slowly. "We've been together for nine years, and Al wouldn't do that to me. Besides, \$10,000 is pennies compared to a million-dollar gate."

"What are your plans for the future?" I asked. "would you like to do something in the fight business, something where you might help straighten out this whole boxing mess?"

"I'd like that," he said eagerly. "I'd like that. I happen to know all the little problems that face fighters. I think I could help. It would be nice, it would be nice," he said.

## A BIT OF THE SHOWMAN

Last fall, when I visited Rocky in Brockton, he and his pal Alvie Colombo talked about the possibility of taping interviews with celebrities who visited Rocky's training camp. Now this was out, but there has always been more of the showman in Rocky Marciano than some people may have thought. The limelight has never really lost its appeal—perhaps because his vigorous training schedules have not allowed him much of it.

"I don't want to go on personal appearances the way Jack Dempsey did," he said, "but I'd like to do something, maybe a television show where I could work with kids."

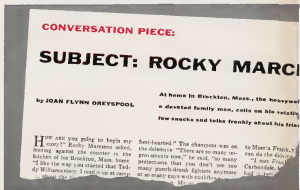
"You still want people asking you for your autograph, don't you?"

"You bet I do."

It was clear that Rocky had said farewell to the ring—but not necessarily to his fans, present and future. He hopes his decision will not prejudice them against him. All other decisions in his professional boxing career were in his favor. He wants this one to be too.

Last Sunday morning in their hotel room in New York, Rocky's parents were awaiting a phone call from their son. Rocky wanted the Marchegians to stay in Manhattan until he came back to the city from Grossinger's, 90 miles away, so they could return with him on Thursday to Brockton where the mayor and the citizens planned a "Welcome Home, Rocky" reception for the famous local boy who made so

*text continues on page 26; pictures on next page*



## CONVERSATION PIECE:

# SUBJECT: ROCKY MARCIANO

by JOAN FLYNN DREYSSPOOL

*At home in Brockton, Mass., the heavyweight is a devoted family man, coils on his relatives, few snacks and talks frankly about his friends.*

**H**OW ARE you going to begin my story? Rocky Marciano asked, leaning against the counter in the kitchen of his Brockton, Mass. home. "I like the way you started that Teddy Williams story. I read it up at camp."

best-hearted." The champion was on the defensive. "There are so many improvements now," he said, "so many pretensions that you don't see too many punch-drunk fighters anymore or so many guys with confidence."

to Meen's Frank. I can do the drink. "I met Frank Carbone. I had a ten-

JANUARY CONVERSATION PIECE FOUND A RELAXED MARCIANO, EAGER FOR FAMILY LIFE

# SENTIMENTAL STORY OF ROCKY

It couldn't have been bettered by Hollywood. The son of a factory hand, Rocco Marchegiano fought his way from obscurity to the world heavyweight championship. Here are some of the high points in his almost folk-hero life



**BALLPLAYER** as a teen-ager in Brookton, Rocky later failed in tryout for Cubs.



**ROCKY MARRIED** Barbara Cousins in 1950 after year's delay by Al Weill.



**HITTING BIG TIME**, Rocky signed for Joe Louis bout in 1951. Boon Louis looked other way as IBC's Harry Markson and Billy Brown (right) told Rocky where to sign.



**LICENSE PLATE KO** was issued to the champion by Massachusetts in 1953.



**SPLIT NOSE** was suffered by Rocky in second fight with Ezzard Charles. It eventually healed.



**ADMIRING SISTER** Alice helped her famous brother with fan letters.



**LAST DEFEAT** came when Amateur Coley Wallace won close bout in 1948 Golden Gloves.



**ROCKY VICTIM** Carmine Vingo almost died after he was knocked out in 1949 fight.



**REMORSEFUL ROCKY** prayed for Vingo's recovery, also paid bills.



**BIG HERO** after kazo of Louis, he rode through Brockton to cheers.



**EXPECTANT PARENTS** displayed tiny toe gloves and shorts after Rocky won title fight.



**CHAMPION'S FATHER** relaxed with Rocky, who retired him from factory work.



**PROUD MOTHER** served chicken broth for Rocky in her Brockton home.



**CHAMP'S DAUGHTER** Mary Anne, 3½, gurgled as her proud daddy held her on his lap.



**NEW HOUSE** in Brockton symbolizes future life of home-loving retired champ.

# SUBJECT: MARCIANO

continued from page 27

good. Mama Marchegiano was fretting over her husband, ill in bed with painfully swollen ankle and elbow joints.

"I was the first one he told," Peter Marchegiano said, suddenly becoming spirited, despite his illness, at questions about his son. "Rocky said to me, 'Pa, what do you want me to do?'"

"I want you to quit," I told him."

To emphasize his feelings, Mr. Marchegiano abruptly sat up in bed. The blankets fell away from his thin shoulders and revealed a sleeveless white jersey with "Grossinger's" spelled out in faded red letters across the front.

"I was always with Rocky in training camp," he said proudly.

"Him, him," Mrs. Marchegiano said, looking tenderly at her husband. "When I am talking about the fight, he says, 'You sit down, you don't know.'"

"I just happened to be with him all the time," Mr. Marchegiano said. "After Rocky retired," he added, "I got a call from every state in the United States. Everybody was feelin' happy."

"I talked with about three or four," his wife said. "One from Chicago, two from California. Tell Joannie what that man told us last night."

"What man?" Marchegiano inquired querulously, but he knew. He wanted no part of "that man" or what he had said and he told his wife so.

"I don't see anything wrong with what he said," Mrs. Marchegiano countered. "That man I talked to in the lobby last night. He was from Providence. He thinks Rocky come back. 'He's too young,' that man said, 'too young to retire.'"

Again Mr. Marchegiano sat up in bed, unmindful of his swollen right elbow. "No, he will never come back." He bit out the words. "That man don't understand the fighting game. A lot of people talk it, but they don't know it. Even if Rocky was to fight any one of those boys around, it's no good. Why should Rocky kill himself training for nothing? Even if he did fight, there's no one good enough to bring a gate. That Floyd Patterson, he's good, but it takes time. What's Rocky suppose to do? Sit around and wait? After you lay off a year in the fight game, you're no good. Rocky told me once, 'Pa, when I quit, I quit. I'm not going to do like the other fellow.'"

He meant Joe Louis.

Mrs. Marchegiano made a face. "Men such bad patients," she whispered, smiling understandingly.

A few minutes later a doctor arrived

to diagnose Mr. Marchegiano's ailment, a woman doctor, the only M.D. available. The shy Mr. Marchegiano had wanted no part of a lady doctor, but was vetoed by the two ladies present. The doctor turned out to be Italian, which delighted Mrs. Marchegiano and somewhat pleased the patient.

"We had lady doctors in Italy," Mrs. Marchegiano said, "for the habies."

The doctor asked to see Mr. Marchegiano's swollen foot, and he thrust it out gingerly from under the blankets.

"You have gout," the doctor said.

"Gout!" He was thunderstruck. "Gout!"

"Gout!" Mrs. Marchegiano echoed unbelievably. "Isn't that a rich man's sickness?"

"Here you go getting a rich man's illness, and your son is out of work," I teased.

"And all the time he thought his new shoes were too tight," Mrs. Marchegiano said of her husband, a retired shoemaker.

The doctor was optimistic. "Fortunately, there's a new medicine for gout. But he'll have to go on a diet. No spaghetti for a while."

Such an edict normally would have saddened Mrs. Marchegiano, who is famed for her pasta, but nothing could depress her for long.

Too many exciting things had happened all at once; first Rocky retires, then a lady doctor, then gout, then no spaghetti.

"You know," Mrs. Marchegiano said, settling herself on the foot of the bed, and still in a mind for medicine, "a year ago when Barbara was in Mexico visiting some friends, she lost a baby. Rocky felt terrible. He thought if he had been able to be there with her, it might not have happened . . . It's about time he have chance to enjoy his family. Up until today, he did good, so it's good he retires."

As ever, at mention of his son, Mr. Marchegiano snapped to attention.

"Rocky's won every pro fight. No other champion ever did that," he said proudly. "And there's no one who can beat Rocky today."

"But he don't have to worry about that no more—" Mrs. Marchegiano smiled broadly. "After Rocky retired, I sent postcards home. 'Coming to New York for the wedding bring good luck,' I said. 'This was the big surprise of my life. It's real happiness now!'"

"Now that Papa's all right, we want now and go home with Rocky. But first, I must visit St. Patrick's again and light another candle. God's good," she said, "God's good."

END

## HIS AMAZING RECORD

1942 Feb. 21—Lee Epstein, Holyoke, Mass.	KO 1
1943 July 17—Harry Robinson, Providence	MD 1
July 26—John Edwards, Providence	MD 1
Aug. 5—Bobby Quinn, Providence	MD 1
Aug. 12—Eddie Ross, Providence	MD 1
Aug. 20—Jimmy Wells, Providence	MD 1
Sept. 23—Jimmy Jackson, Providence	MD 1
Sept. 30—Bud Hardsman, Providence	MD 1
Sept. 30—Sam Cardenas, Wash. D.C.	MD 1
Oct. 4—Sam Jackson, Providence	MD 2
Nov. 28—Patrick Connolly, Providence	MD 1
Dec. 14—Gibby Tencer, Philadelphia	MD 2
1945 Mar. 21—Johnny Pridore, Providence	MD 5
Mar. 28—Art Orsillo, Providence	MD 3
Apr. 11—James Wall, Providence	MD 3
May 2—Jimmy Evans, Providence	MD 3
May 30—Sam Hugard, Providence	W 10
July 18—Harry Wall, Providence	MD 2
Aug. 16—Pete Louch, New Bedford, Mass.	MD 3
Sept. 24—Tommy Givogno, Providence	MD 4
Oct. 10—Ted Lowry, Providence	W 10
Nov. 3—Joe Sumner, Providence	MD 2
Dec. 3—Pat Ruskato, New York	MD 2
Dec. 16—Phil Markey, Providence	MD 3
Dec. 30—Carmelo Vingo, New York	MD 6

1946 Mar. 24—Roland LaGrange, New York	W 10
June 5—Lorraine Galtman, Providence	MD 1
July 15—Sam Babinette, Boston	MD 10
Sept. 19—Johnny Slater, Providence	MD 4
Nov. 11—Ted Lowry, Providence	W 10
Dec. 18—Bill Adams, Providence	MD 1
1947 Jan. 29—Rene Semerets, Providence	MD 3
Mar. 29—Rene Semerets, Providence	MD 3
May 26—Art Orsillo, Providence	MD 9
Aug. 26—Red Applegate, Providence	W 10
July 17—Sam Linger, New York	MD 4
Oct. 27—Freddie Bechler, Boston	MD 4
Aug. 26—Joe Louis, New York	MD 3
1947 Feb. 13—Lee Savold, Philadelphia	MD 6
Feb. 23—Sam Babinette, Providence	MD 3
Mar. 22—Rene Semerets, Providence	MD 3
July 29—Jimmy Matthews, New York	MD 2
Sept. 23—Jimmy Joe Walcott, Philadelphia	MD 13
1948 May 15—Jimmy Joe Walcott, Chicago	MD 1
May 24—Roland LaGrange, New York	MD 13
1944 June 12—Edward Charles, New York	W 15
Sept. 17—Laddie Charles, New York	MD 3
1946 May 16—Joe De Angelis, San Francisco	MD 3
Sept. 21—Artie Meade, New York	MD 3

**ALL TOLD,** Rocky Marciano fought and won 49 professional fights, 43 of which ended by a knockout. Indeed, if his limp victims were festooned end to end along, say, the right-field foul line of the Polo Grounds, they could stretch from home plate to the outfield wall. On the average, it took Rocky only five rounds to win a fight. He was so absolutely awe-inspiring that he knocked a man out (and possibly the official record book too) in his pro debut before he even

turned pro. Or so *The Ring Record Book* would indicate. As can be seen above, Rocky made his pro bow by knocking one Lee Epstein in four rounds at Holyoke, Mass., on the night of Feb. 21, 1942. Yet in 1948, Rocky, fighting as an amateur in the Golden Gloves, lost to Coby Wallace in the Eastern finals. It is pure myth, incidentally, that Wallace was the only man ever to beat Rocky. One Joe De Angelis defeated him in 1945 in an amateur bout in Portland, Ore.



# BOXING STILL ON TRIAL

*There are days on which the sporting sun goes down and leaves behind a scum that an age has passed into history.*

*It was so in boxing on the day in 1949 when Mike Jacobs put a treble X (he was too sick to sign his name) to a document that surrendered his Madison Square Garden lease, to be picked up later by the International Boxing Club (James D. Norris, president). That act ended the Age of Joe Louis.*

*It was so again on Friday, April 27, when the Government rested its antitrust case against IBC. Little more than an hour later Rocky Marciano announced he was retiring as heavyweight champion.*

by MARTIN KANE

## • CALIFORNIA ENDS CASE

IN CALIFORNIA the IBC had other things to think about. There James Cox, appointed by Governor Goodwin Knight to investigate boxing, showed that Norris and Truman K. Gibson Jr., IBC secretary, were shareholders in California Boxing Enterprises, a Sid Flaherty production. Flaherty, the Mr. Big of California boxing, emerged as the surprise witness of the investigation. He admitted he had broken about every rule in the boxing commission's book. He had, for instance, acted as a promoter, though he is manager of Bobo Olson and a stable of some 25 other fighters. Most states forbid the manager-promoter status. He had presented as many as five of his fighters on a card, though three is the limit. He had blackballed a referee who ruled against Olson.

But Flaherty left the stand with rather more dignity than many who preceded him. He had refused to lie or evade. Furthermore, Cox had checked, with some skepticism, Flaherty's reputation as a fight manager who treated his boxers with fatherly honesty. He was surprised to discover that the reputation was founded in fact, that Flaherty did indeed give his fighters the legal two-thirds of their purses (instead of the customary, though illegal, 50%). It was also true, Cox learned, that Flaherty had set up a trust for his boxers so that, on retirement, they would have an income for life. To check this, he had gone deeply into the affairs of Featherweight Gil Cadilli.

"Is your treatment of Cadilli," he asked, "typical of the way you handle all your fighters?" "Pretty much," Flaherty answered. "Then you are a credit to your profession or any other profession."

This made for a very pleasant interlude and, by contrast, served as commentary on what the rest of the investigation had spaded up. Cox ended it all after a dreary parade of fight promoters and commission officials had told what boxing has been like in California—a sour stew of cheated fighters, fixed fights and cowed officials. He will make his report to the governor by June.



JAMES COX, special investigator who exposed boxing crimes.

## • IBC BEGINS DEFENSE

A<sup>S</sup> ROCKY MARCIANO's championship term expired, the IBC position was being challenged as never before. It was rocked by the antitrust action in New York, involved in the revelations of the California investigation.

The Marciano retirement and the antitrust case aptly coincided. Rocky had been pretty much the property of the IBC from the day he came under the managerial wing of Al Weill, who was then an IBC matchmaker and not legally in a position to manage fighters. (The more it changes, the more it remains the same. Johnny Sumner, the No. 5 heavyweight who could not get an IBC fight, now is scheduled for an early TV appearance. He has, according to report, recently acquired the powerful dual sponsorship of Jack Kearns and Truman Gibson, IBC secretary.)

Moreover, the antitrust case was connected, at least in its implications, with California's inquiry, where it was established that IBC bigwigs Norris and Gibson were shareholders in one of the enterprises of Sid Flaherty, the San Francisco nonpareil who manages fighters with one hand and promotes their fights with the other, an arrangement which has been profitable, unlawful, publicly known and ignored by an ineffectual California Athletic Commission.

The antitrust case (SI, April 23) was presented for the most part in documents, but a few witnesses testified to the IBC's power and its ruthless use of it. Typical among them was Samuel Becker of Port Thomas, Ky., a clothing manufacturer who promotes an occasional fight in nearby Cincinnati. Becker, a man of engaging personality, advised Federal Judge Sylvester J. Ryan that he had just celebrated 51 years in the clothing business. He beamed as the judge wished him mazel toe. He expressed pride, too, that as an amateur middleweight he had never been defeated or knocked off his feet. And the name of Ezzard Charles gave him special delight to pronounce for he had promoted all of Charles' fights in Cincinnati. That happy relationship faded as the IBC came in.

*continued on next page*



SAM BECKER, WHO BUCKED THE IBC

## BOXING STILL ON TRIAL

*continued from page 29*

At that time, Becker testified, he was promoting the Charles-Joe Maxim bout and thought the winner, who turned out to be Charles, might challenge Joe Louis for a world's title bout in Cincinnati. But then he read that Louis was retiring and decided to ask Jersey Joe Walcott to fight Charles for the championship. After the Maxim fight Charles, Walcott and their

managers discussed the idea until 2 a.m. in a Cincinnati hotel room, Becker said, then adjourned with the understanding that they would meet again for breakfast. Next morning Becker went without breakfast. No one showed up for the meeting. Harry Mendel of the IBC had arrived and shooed Walcott and Charles out of town. Furthermore, Becker said he was told, Joe Louis had

said to Charles: "If you don't take orders from me and Mr. Norris, you'll never fight for the championship."

Advised that he had to see Norris if he wanted to promote the fight, Becker went to Miami. There, he said, Norris proclaimed: "If you want to promote Walcott and Charles fighting you have to give me \$150,000."

"I says, 'Why all that money? After all, I promoted Charles ever since he was 14 years old. What happened?'"

"He says, 'Well, Charles belongs to



JUDGE SYLVESTER J. RYAN

WILLIAM J. ELKINS (standing)  
Government Counsel

me now. Mr. Walcott belongs to me." Becker refused to go above \$100,000 and the deal fell through.

In December 1950, however, he did obtain IBC permission to promote the Charles-Nick Barone fight, but only after agreeing to pay the IBC 25% of his profit. Even so, he said, Truman Gibson refused to let him televise the fight, which was such a financial bust—a record low for a modern heavyweight title bout—that the IBC share was a mere \$208. With TV fees Becker might

have cleared a decent profit, and so might the IBC, but he said Gibson told him that he needed television rights reserved for IBC's own arenas.

There was similar testimony from other witnesses.

Dewey Michaels, Buffalo promoter, told of agreeing to pay the IBC 5% of the gross for the Charles-Fredddie Bashore fight in August 1950. But the bout was postponed twice, interest flagged and he lost \$20,000. When he blamed the IBC for the loss and

refused to pay, he said Al Weill told him: "You should pay or you'll be in wrong with the IBC and won't get any more fights."

He told the court he learned this when he tried, and failed, to promote a Charles-Lee Oma title fight which was later put on under IBC auspices.

The IBC defense began this week. It was expected to take only a few days. Then Judge Ryan would, presumably, retire to consider his decision. After that, most likely, appeals. (END)

**COURTROOM SCENE** as the government rested its case against IBC in federal court, New York, shows government lawyers (at table, left) and defendant principals and associates (right).



WHEATLEY SEYMOUR (standing)  
Defense Counsel

TRUMAN H. GIBSON JR.  
IBC Secretary

JAMES D. MORRIS  
IBC President

JOHN REED KELPATRICK  
Gordon Board Chairman

NEO IRISH (background)  
Gordon official

ARTHUR H. WITZ (glass)  
Morris' partner

HARRY MARKSON (glass)  
IBC Managing Director



# DUEL ON THE SOUND

Two old rivals, Cornelius Shields and Arthur Knapp, clashed in the Long Island frostbite championships. Knapp sailed beautifully to win the series but . . .



**SHIELDS ARRIVES** for races at Manhasset Bay Yacht Club. Changing to sailing togs, broker frets over jammed centerboard.

**KNAPP ARRIVES** determined to reverse his defeat by Shields in recent Larchmont Yacht Club frostbite series (SI, April 16).



. . . the day was marred when Shields became ill (right) and was taken to the hospital after a duel with Knapp in the eighth race (see above)



PHOTOGRAPHS BY  
MORRIS ROSENFELD



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# ARE SHORTS TOO SHORT AT HAPPY KNOLL?

The question is a serious one. Mr. Bob Lawton favors a Gallup-type poll, but the solution, in the end, is a form letter

by JOHN P. MARQUAND

*Letter to Mr. Albert Magill, president emeritus of the Happy Knoll Country Club, from Mr. Roger Horlick, member of the Board of Governors.*

Dear Albert:

At the last meeting of the Board of Governors a step was taken of which we all agreed you should be informed. We have finally drafted a letter regarding costumes to be worn by the club membership, particularly our younger ladies, this coming summer on all parts of the club property except the swimming pool and the adjoining area that includes the iron tables and the colored umbrellas. As you will doubtless agree from our experience last summer, it is impossible to control what people of either sex wear at the swimming pool except to state in a general way that the Happy Knoll Country Club is not yet a nudist colony.

Our discussion, therefore, only concerned the general drift of bathing costumes into the dining room, the lounge, the mixed bar, the card room and even into the Pendleton Room; and this topic led naturally to the whole subject of shorts on both men and women inside and outside the clubhouse. There was a general agreement that something should be initiated this year regarding undue exposure, but there was a wide difference as to exactly what should be said by a governing board. In fact, the discussion became so heated that Mr. Bob Lawton, our new

board member whom I do not believe you know, made what was to me a unique suggestion based on his experience as the executive of a large advertising agency.

It was Mr. Lawton's thought that there should be a sampling of public opinion among the club membership along the lines practiced by Dr. George

## OFF TO LOUISVILLE

On a short but trenchant business holiday, John P. Marquand next week forsakes Happy Knoll to report on the Kentucky Derby for SI readers

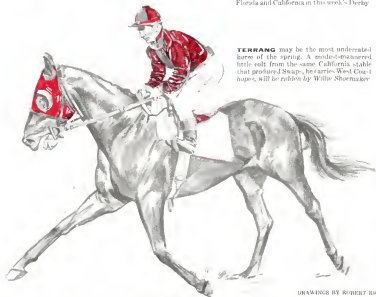
Gallup in his Princeton statistical laboratory. Dismissing the remark of someone that Dr. Gallup had been wrong regarding the 1948 presidential election, Mr. Lawton advanced the opinion that Dr. Gallup had been right about everything else and that he had been virtually right about the 1948 presidential election, too, percentage-wise. Mr. Lawton pointed out to us that in the "shop," as he calls his New York place of business, they use Dr. Gallup's prognostications almost constantly. Only the other day, he told us, their merchandise counseling service was undecided whether or not to advise a client to put a new type diagonally stretching girdle into quantity production. A quick cross-sectional sampling

was made of the three most reliable cities in the United States according to the Gallup rating. The question put up by the trained investigators was a very simple one: If you had the money to buy a girdle with a diagonal rather than a lateral stretch, would you buy it? The answers were very illuminating, according to the merchandise counseling at the "shop": yes, 21%; no, 67%; undecided, 2%; don't understand, 10%. As a result of this sampling of public opinion the client, the Safeside Stretch Company, will not put its new product into production at least for the present. It was Mr. Lawton's belief that it would not be necessary to consult the Gallup Institute directly regarding Happy Knoll. There was no reason why the Board of Governors should not sit right down now and dream up a question that would be a fair sampling of membership opinion. Just thinking off the top of his head, it was Mr. Lawton's idea that the same question should be sent to men and women alike in the membership, since boys and girls, as Mr. Lawton put it, had a common interest in shorts. In fact, right now, just off the top of his head, Mr. Lawton had a pretty good sampling question that we might at least kick around for a while. How would it be if a postcard were to be sent out to the membership with the following question: How short should shorts be at Happy Knoll? 1) knee-length

*continued on page 65*



**HEAD MAN**, ridden by Eddie Arcaro in search of his sixth Derby victory, will be asked to uphold the honor of the East and the C. V. Whitney stable against Florida and California in this week's Derby.



**TERRANG** may be the most underrated horse of the spring. A modest-mannered little colt from the same California stable that produced Snap, he carries West Coast hopes, will be ridden by Willie Shoemaker.



## THE KENTUCKY DERBY

by WHITNEY TOWER

If the big race follows form, watch for Needles to trail at the start—and then come jetting down the homestretch

THAT EMINENT ENGLISH OBSERVER, Geoffrey Chaucer, long ago noted that April rouses a longing to go on pilgrimages. What might be called Chaucer's Law is having its old effect again in the U.S. this spring as horses and people converge on Louisville and Churchill Downs for the 82nd running of the Kentucky Derby this Saturday.

Private planes and entire trains have been standing by for days, waiting to ferry their human cargoes from the comparative peace and quiet of California, Texas and New York into a city that rejoices in Derby Week much as the capital of a kingdom might be expected to rejoice at the coronation of a ruler. And, in a certain sense, these people do flock in to see a ruler proclaimed. For, until at least the results of the Preakness are in on May 19 and the results of

the Belmont Stakes on June 16, the winner of the Kentucky Derby occupies a very special spot in turf history. Whether or not he is the best 3-year-old in the country—and very often he is not—he will be this week the horse of the moment. A horse, in fact, so glamorized and publicized that for the time being everyone will be politely reminded that this is not the week when one should even attempt to discuss the record of a fast 2-year-old in Maryland or the breeding record of a Virginia mare—or even the possibilities for success of a famous handicapper running at Jamaica.

Those are topics, if you will, that must wait their turn at the round table, and those turns won't roll around until well after Derby Week. Not until, for instance, thousands

*continued on next page*

## THE ROAD TO CHURCHILL DOWNS

DATE	RACE	DISTANCE	WINNER	SECOND	THIRD	TIME
1-7	Las Fielas Stakes	6 f	Johnie Mike (118)	Lucky G. L. (122)	More Glory (122)	1:30 1/5
1-18	San Miguel Stakes	7 f	Count Chic (118)	Johnie Mike (118)	Placer (115)	1:23 3/5
1-21	Robinas Stakes	6 f	Decathlon (122)	Liberty Sun (112)	Come On Red (114)	1:12 2/5
1-25	Calif. Breeders' Champ. S.	1 1/16 m	Fathers Risk (118)	Terrang (118)	Lucky G. L. (118)	1:48 3/5
2-1	Bahamas Stakes	7 f	Eiffel Blue (114)	Dark Charger (118)	Gas Shot (114)	1:24 4/5
2-8	San Vicente Handicap	7 f	Terrang (122)	Fathers Risk (122)	Bold Bazooka (124)	1:22 4/5
2-11	Everglades Stakes	1 1/8 m	Liberty Sun (114)	Alay (114)	Nail (126)	1:54
2-18	San Felipe Handicap	1 1/16 m	Social Climber (108)	Count Chic (120)	Terrang (124)	1:44 2/5
2-25	Flamingo Stakes	1 1/8 m	Needles (117)	Golf Ace (122)	Fabius (122)	1:49 2/5
3-1	Santa Anita Derby	1 1/8 m	Terrang (118)	Social Climber (118)	More Glory (118)	1:51
3-10	Louisiana Derby	1 1/8 m	Reaping Right (111)	Mr. Bob W. (111)	Freshy Mr. (112)	1:51
3-14	Fountain of Youth Handicap	1 1/16 m	Oh Johnny (114)	Greek Spy (116)	Fabius (118)	1:44 1/5
3-21	Florida Derby	1 1/8 m	Needles (117)	Count Chic (119)	Pinkie Lea (113)	1:48 3/5
3-31	Arkansas Derby	1 1/8 m	Johnie Mike (117)	Come On Red (117)	Mr. Bob W. (114)	1:51 1/5
4-2	Experimental Handicap	6 f	Head Man (118)	Nail (125)	Polly's Jet (119)	1:11 2/5
4-7	Biscayne Bay	1 1/16 m	Count Chic (120)	Lead Scout (108)	Terrang (120)	1:43 2/5
4-11	The Getham	1 1/16 m	Career Boy (122)	Jean Baptiste (122)	Nail (126)	1:46 3/5
4-14	Governor's Gold Cup	6 f	Besemer (112)	Decathlon (124)	Kingsmaker (112)	1:11 1/5
4-21	Wood Memorial	1 1/8 m	Head Man (126)	Golf Ace (126)	Oh Johnny (126)	1:50 1/5
4-21	Chesapeake Stakes	1 1/16 m	Faddy Mr. (117)	Kingsmaker (111)	Born Mighty (114)	1:44 2/5
4-21	California Derby	1 1/8 m	No Regrets (126)	Lucky G. L. (126)	Cleofista (126)	1:50 3/5
4-26	Blue Grass Stakes	1 1/8 m	Toby B. (121)	Career Boy (126)	Reaping Right (126)	1:51

(weights in parentheses)

## KENTUCKY DERBY PREVIEW

continued from page 37

of Louisville visitors have this Saturday grimaced in disbelief at the disappointing taste of a watered-down mint julep (at \$1.25 a glass) at Churchill Downs; not until they have been stuck with fantastic hotel and restaurant bills, and not until they are squeezed into a battered old horse park where fully a third of them of a crowd always announced as "over 100,000" will never even see the race they came all that way to see. For many, these frustrations will be taken lightly, for this, after all, is the Kentucky Derby—a horse race glamorized beyond all true perspective and proportion and yet a contest that has developed during the course of the last 82 years into a sporting spectacle probably unrivaled anywhere on earth.

To the horseman the Kentucky Derby is no spectacle. When a man has been bringing his horse along by carefully calculated training theories to a point where he hopes the colt can carry 126 pounds for a mile and a quarter against the best 3-year-olds in training, he is not particularly interested in band music in the infield or at the sight of rows of inebriated resting amongst the wreck and ruin of the day's newspapers and shattered glasses. The artificiality and carnival air of such a spectacle has, to this dedicated man, no business being part of a race meeting.

And yet they come to the Derby—trainers, owners and their horses, all the way from California, New York, Florida, Chicago, Seattle and from nearby spots in Kentucky. Many would like to be there who can't be. Many are there who, knowing full well they shouldn't be, want to share, for this brief moment, the distinction that goes out so warmly to any stable willing to run in the big race. And as they gather together in Kentucky from the widespread winter racing headquarters and from the southern training grounds, the horsemen begin to talk. Usually it isn't very long before somebody throws in the old familiar line: "Worst looking bunch of 3-year-olds I've ever seen." There may be some agreement on the subject, but this becomes a time when trainers and owners engage in a tactful campaign of building up the other man's horse while simultaneously repressing the urge to state, "Brother, when you see me coming down in front on Derby Day, you're going

to tell me I've got the best horse since Citation." It may indeed be this eternal hope that creates the special excitement of the Derby, for this is the race where men ask their horses to carry scale weight over a longer distance of ground than they have ever traveled before, and, in many cases, whether they win or not, the Derby is the proving ground which leads to lasting success or ultimate failure.

In Kentucky last week, as the invasion's advance guard moved into the settlement of regulars who know the horse business inside out, there appeared to be a definite justification for walling over a generally poor crop of 3-year-olds. Victories in the major winter and spring stakes had been divided up among more than a dozen colts (see chart page 37) and, with few exceptions, form reflected highly uneven performances by colts of whom so much had been expected at the close of the 1955 season. So spotty, for instance, were the records of many a Derby eligible that in the last three major Derby prep races before the big one, all three victories went to colts who hadn't even been nominated for the Derby itself. This can be taken either as an indication that many of last season's better juveniles were apparently falsely appraised or that a lot of owners simply failed to realize this winter that, if you had a sound horse in your barn, this was the time to throw out his 1955 record and give him another crack at everything in sight—Kentucky Derby included.

### TEMPERAMENTAL SON OF PONDER

It is pleasant—although not always possible—to think of the Derby winner as a real champion. A colt, in other words, who stands at the head of his division, ready and capable of warding off the challenges of any contenders, and who, despite the occasional defeat that touches even the great, accepts that defeat with graciousness and a true show of heart and stamina. You think, perhaps, of a Whirlaway, a Count Fleet, a Citation, an Assault or a Swaps. Champions all—and all Derby winners who used the carnival at Louisville as the center stage for one of the most important performances of their respective careers.

What, then, do we find to indicate that the 1956 crop of 3-year-olds can produce another great name in turf history? If the class as a whole is labeled "ordinary" and "common," will the colt who graduates with top honors this week merely be acclaimed the best of an ordinary lot? Or may we expect to see one of the starting field (which will probably range between 10 and 16, depending on showings in this week's mile Derby Trial) emerge as a champion in his own right? There is always, or nearly always, during Derby Week much hopeful talk about a wide-open race. Never, so it would seem, has there been so much justification for that familiar cry as there is this week. But through the maze of facts and figures and through the whirling mixture of calculations that will be made collectively and individually before Saturday's post time, there nonetheless stands one favorite whose 1956 record makes him the true focal point of this 82nd Derby.

That colt is a temperamental running fool with the unhorsy name of Needles (see cover). He is a good-looking bay with a devastatingly effective stretch run that immediately reminds you of his sire, Ponder, who won the Derby in 1949, and of his grandire, Pensive, who won the same race in 1944. The fact that Needles is so unlike most of the colts who will run against him gives him a special sort of glamour during a year when glamour and excitement within the division are sorely needed. Needles, for instance, is not a work horse. He does not require much work to remain fit, and nobody apparently seems to be more aware



CAREER BOY, HUNTING BRUISED FOOT, IS PROSPECT IF HE STARTS

of this than Needles himself, who, unless he feels like putting out in the morning, will struggle to avoid getting to the race track, or, once there against his will, take a particular delight in refusing to do what is asked of him. His two big races this winter were the Flamingo at Hialeah and the Florida Derby at Gulfstream. He won both by coming from the back end and finishing like a jet going flat out. As both of those races were at a distance of a mile and an eighth, and in view of Needles' run at the wire, there is certainly every reason to expect that here is a horse for whom the Derby's mile and a quarter is virtually made to order.



HARTACK IS LIKELY TO RIDE FABRUS IN STRONG CALUMET ENTRY

The people who masterminded Needles' campaign are confident, but not overconfident. His owners, B. M. (Bonnie) Heath and Jackson C. Dudley, are a couple of serious-minded and highly practical residents of Fort Lauderdale, Fla. who take the sensible view that success in racing is pretty much like success in the oil business—in both of them you must have luck, patience and be willing to work. The analogy between the two fields, as far as Heath and Dudley are concerned, is quite a natural one. For neither of these men (Dudley is 44 and Heath 39) is a stranger to the oil business. Heath, with a degree as an oil engineer

from Oldahoma A&M, and Dudley, a former ranch hand from Texas, had enough of an urge to seek oil that the two joined into a happy partnership after striking oil for the first time in 1945. Their interest in racing actually was largely the work of their 60-year-old trainer, Hugh L. Fontaine, who, drawing on his long years of experience in and out of racing, recognized Needles' potential the first time he saw the colt and strongly urged the D & H partnership that he was easily worth every penny of the \$20,000 price tag put on him by the Dickey Stables of Ocala, Fla. As Needles was foaled in Florida (although he was conceived in Kentucky), he is technically a Florida-bred colt, and as such this year has received acclaim usually reserved for only the most distinguished native sons. The last honor to come his way, for example, was notification last week that he had been elected an honorary member of the Ocala Chamber of Commerce. By duly showing his plywood membership card at the door, Needles, like any other member of the group, will be invited to munch his oats with his colleagues at the next luncheon meeting.

Having Needles under his care represents something of a comeback for Trainer Fontaine. The Louisiana-born veteran never started out with a trainer's career in mind. The son of a New Orleans surgeon, Fontaine lost interest in his mission after a stint at medical school, but later proved himself so useful as a pilot with Eddie Rickenbacker in the First World War that he became the South's first ace and was three times awarded the Distinguished Service Cross. As a trainer in the 1930s Fontaine saddled W. R. Coe's Ladyman to upset Equipose in the Suburban Handicap, and then put in half a dozen years in the service of Mrs. Isabel Dodge Sloane's Brookmeade Stable.

Perhaps the most important man at Churchill Downs this Saturday will be a 34-year-old Nebraskan jockey by the name of Dave Erb. Erb, a handsome, well-knit athlete, hardly qualifies as America's best-known rider. And yet, as is often the case between man and horse, there is a harmony between Needles and Erb that manifests itself best when the two are flying up the backstretch after the leaders in a race which apparently both colt and rider feel they can win by doing things right—and doing them together. "Needles," says Erb, "is the most intelligent horse I've ever been on in my life because he does things on his own. He runs on his own courage, and seems to know without my telling him when it's time for us to make our

*continued on next page*

#### DERBY SELECTIONS BY SIX LEADING TURF WRITERS

##### CHARLES HATTON

*Morning Telegraph*

- 1 **Needles**—Has done everything asked of him
- 2 **C. V. Whiskey** entry (Head Man and Career Boy) Head Man comes of stronger family
- 3 **Count Chic**—Could "steal" the race

##### PAUL LOWRY

*Los Angeles Times*

- 1 **Needles**—Two big races in Florida
- 2 **Terraz**—Won the Santa Anita Derby
- 3 **Fabius**—Can't ever sell Calumet short
- 4 **Count Chic**—Small but hard-hitting colt

##### DEAN EAGLE

*Louisville Times*

- 1 **Needles**—Bad actor but good stretch runner
- 2 **Fabius**—Can't count Ben Jones all way out
- 3 **Count Chic**—He'll be closing fast
- 4 **Terraz**—Winning stable last year

##### JOHN CARMICHAEL

*Chicago Daily News*

- 1 **Needles**—Already beaten some of them twice
- 2 **Career Boy**—Could be the drop-in horse
- 3 **Reaping Right**—Will be running all the way
- 4 **Fabius**—Probably lacks stretch stride

##### MORRIS McLEMORE

*Miami Daily News*

- 1 **Needles**—Perfect distance for him
- 2 **Fabius**—Calumet's sleeper
- 3 **Count Chic**—Solid, with endurance
- 4 **Head Man**—Could be real surprise

##### GENE WARD

*New York Daily News*

- 1 **Needles**—Proven performer as 3-year-old
- 2 **Count Chic**—Little Calif. horse with big chance
- 3 **Career Boy**—He'll be flying at the end
- 4 **Fabius**—Ben Jones colt always dangerous

continued from page 39

move." After looking at some of the rivals Needles will have to meet, Dave Erb last week had still another astute observation: "I'm not about to knock another man's horse, but from what I've seen so far this year, I'm very confident. If anything, Needles is in better shape now than he was in Florida, and if he won the big ones there, he should be able to do it at Louisville."

The confidence shown by the Messrs. Dudley, Heath, Fontaine and Erb is hardly matched in other camps. There was, for instance, serious trouble last Saturday morning at the C. V. Whitney barn where the entry of Head Man and Career Boy were being put through their final paces. While Head Man, winner of the Experimental and the Wood Memorial (the latter victory achieved through the disqualification of the non-Derby eligible, Golf Ace), was expected to fulfill an engagement in one Derby trial just four days before the big race, the status of Career Boy became most uncertain over the weekend. Just 48 hours after he had finished second in Keeneland's Blue Grass Stakes to another non-Derby eligible, Toby B., Career Boy turned up with a sore right hind foot. Trainer Syl Veitch, for the moment, could hazard a guess that his colt would have no

their horse in the Derby," he said. "Look at how many of the colts go wrong during winter and spring racing. If they are going to get upset over one injury, they don't belong in the sport at all. Well, we brought two colts up for this race, and if both of them start, aren't we luckier than the man who has none—or even one? If Career Boy can't make it we can still be thankful that we may have one starter in Head Man. We've seen the breaks go against a lot of owners this season. If they go against us now, I reckon it's because it's our turn. We'll do the best we can, and nobody can do better than that."

The Veitch-Whitney strategy originally called for Eric Guerin to ride Career Boy and Eddie Arcaro to ride Head Man in search of his sixth Derby victory. The same plan still holds, and although a Derby without Career Boy would seriously hurt the Whitney chances for a victory, a confident Arcaro thinks Head Man actually has as good, if not better, chance of winning than his stablemate. "It's the sort of entry you like to have," says Eddie, "a colt like Head Man who can run on the pace and a colt like Career Boy who runs way off it. But in the Derby some of those late runners often get into a lot of trouble because when they make their moves they often find themselves running over dead-tired horses who run so unpredictably that you may never know whether to go inside of one horse, outside of another—or where to run. And if you come around on the outside you may lose too much ground. For this kind of a race I'd prefer Head Man because I can put him in where I want him and can make sure that I keep out of trouble."

Guerin likes Career Boy better than any 3-year-old he's seen this year, and that includes Needles. He won the Gotham with him, and in view of the off-track conditions for last week's Blue Grass, he considers Career Boy did well enough to finish second—although at this point it might be mentioned that his conqueror in that one, Toby B., who was beaten 17 lengths while finishing 11th in the Flamingo, was a very ordinary colt a year ago. A conclusion about Career Boy is that if he is lucky enough to run at all he simply must have a lightning fast track in order to insure his best effort. "We know now," says Veitch, "he practically needs a strip of concrete, and if the track is in the least bit greasy or slippery, he just doesn't seem to be able to find good footing."

The Derby, in recent years, has had a very special significance for the proud state of California. In 1952 the Calumet colt Hill Gail came off a winter of Santa Anita racing to beat the best that New York and Florida tracks could offer. Two years later it was a California-owned horse, Determine, who did the same thing. And last year, of course, it was the great Swaps, bred, owned, trained and raced on the West Coast, who shattered the myth of Nashua's invincibility with one of the most brilliant Derby victories ever. From across the Rockies this year have come three more pretenders to the throne. Of the trio most of the attention this Saturday will be focused on a brown colt named Terrang, who, like Swaps, is a son of the stallion Khaled and who, also like Swaps, is owned by Rex Ellsworth, trained by Mish Tenney and ridden by Willie Shoemaker. Trainer Tenney is not ready to concede that his Derby horse belongs in the same class with Swaps, but the record shows that when Terrang is right he can do a lot of running. He won the Santa Anita Derby, and not long ago in Florida he came very close to Swaps' world-record time for a mile and 70 yards. On this colt the watchword is simply: "Watch out!" Mish Tenney is not in the habit of starting horses unless he feels they are "ready." The fact



DUDLEY AND HEATH, NEEDLES' OWNERS. CAME FROM OIL BUSINESS

better than a 50-50 chance of getting to the Derby post, and he added that he probably wouldn't be able to make up his mind one way or the other until the 11th hour. Derby disappointments are nothing new to either Owner Whitney or Trainer Veitch. The biggest of all for both of them came in 1947 when Career Boy's sire, Phalanx, went to the post as favorite only to lose a photo decision to Jet Pilot after coming from dead last with a whirlwind stretch run. But Veitch, a clear-thinking horseman with common sense, partially hid his disappointment behind a philosophical announcement that reflects to a fine degree the racing man's constant attitude that in this sport nothing can be taken for granted. "Look at all the men who want to run

that he thought enough of Terrang to ship him to Louisville at all should be warning enough.

The other West Coast invaders do not bring with them quite as highly qualified credentials as you might read in Terrang's papers, but nonetheless they have not come along just for the ride. First, there is Count Chic, winner of the San Miguel Stakes at Santa Anita and the Biscayne Bay at Gulfstream. Second, there is No Regrets, who on the same day that Head Man lucked through with his



DINO LOZZI AND WIFE, OWNERS OF COUNT CHIC, RUN RESTAURANT

victory in the Wood was winning the California Derby at Tanforan. Count Chic, beaten only three parts of a length by Needles in the Florida Derby, is owned by a Seattle, Wash. pizza palace owner named Dino Lozzi, who picked up his Derby entrant in a claiming race for the bargain price of \$6,500. No Regrets, although Kentucky-bred, is owned by W. E. (Buck) Britt of Clayton, N. Mex. Britt, a combination Hereford cattle rancher and oilman, has a colt who was picked up for \$12,500 in the 1954 Keeneland yearling sales.

The status of Calumet Farm's Derby eligibles will probably be rather undecided until the very last moment, but should either of their two leading candidates, Pintor Lea and Fabius, reach the starting gate, the respect which Derby crowds hold for Trainers Ben and Jimmy Jones will insure a certain amount of heavy support. Pintor Lea, who suffered a slight injury at Keeneland a few days ago, is the kind of a colt, says Ben, "that you can't count out until he's had every chance to round out into shape just before the entries close." Fabius, a son of Calumet's Triple Crown Winner Citation, was third in the Flamingo (behind Needles and Golf Ace), but at Keeneland he burned up the track winning two sprints. Owner Mrs. Gene Markey said last week that she'd certainly love to see at least one of the two start, but that there was some doubt in her mind as to whether Fabius was quite ready to carry that weight over the Derby distance. Ben Jones, plodding conscientiously back and forth around his barn, had a hungry look in his eye—even for a man who has already trained five Derby winners. "Yep, they say I'd like to win another Derby," he remarked. "I'd like to know the man who wouldn't."

In the last few days before post time, there will be additions and subtractions to the list of probable starters.

Among the so-called lesser lights who seem pretty certain to give it a try are the Brandywine Stables' (owned by Donald P. Ross) Countermand; Louisiana Derby Winner Reaping Right; Maine Chance Farm's Gun Shot; J. Cavagnano's High King, and the colt Ben A. Jones, owned by the Maggio-Gregory Stable in Chicago. Should any of them win over their more celebrated rivals the surprise would be immense.

In the spirit of the unpredictable spring season—and knowing what we do about the past performances of some of the eligible starters—we might venture a guess as to what Saturday's running account could sound like. The starting field has withstood the long winter test of soundness and fitness. An assumption will be made that Career Boy does make it to the gate. Less familiar names may, at the last moment, make it too. And now—

*The horses are all in. There is a nerve-shattering and breathtaking silence. And there they go! It is Fabius shooting into the lead under a tight hold by Harriack. They are coming past the stands for the first time, Fabius on the front end and the pack behind him, including High King and the colt Besomer, just down from Maryland. And right in there with them is Head Man. Arcaro has a good hold on the reins and is free of all trouble as they swing into the clubhouse turn. Terrang, Gun Shot and No Regrets are there, and then come Reaping Right, Ben A. Jones and Count Chic. Bringing up the rear—and resembling two colts that are out for nothing more than a light morning's work—are Career Boy and today's big favorite, Needles. Up the backstretch they turn, with Fabius still setting the pace.*

*More daylight shows between the pursuers now, and—wait a minute—here they go. Yes, there goes Erban Needles and Guerin on Career Boy. The two stretch runners are starting to flatten out as their riders give them the signal that the moment to move has come. Around the far turn and it's still Fabius, but now Arcaro is driving out. Head Man, and Shoemaker is making a serious move with Terrang. Behind them, and thundering along past some of the tired horses, are Career Boy and Needles. Needles is on the outside. He's taking the long way around, but nonetheless he appears to be fine.*

*They're coming four to the quarter pole and all you see are driving horses in close formation across the track. Whips are slashing, heads bobbing. The final drive is on. Fabius, Terrang, and here now is Count Chic, and with them are Head Man and Career Boy reaching for a piece of the money. And there too is Needles sprouting wings and going flat out. They have now reached the eighth pole—just a furlong away from everlasting fame. The only question as they roar down on the line is: Which of them—if any—will be capable of withstanding Needles' thundering finish over that last, desperate and ever-so-important eighth of a mile of Kentucky soil?*

The topic will be kicked around in a million homes and offices this week. The nonexpert will have an opinion every bit as valid as the expert—six of whom, by the way, go out on a limb for SI this week (see page 29) with their own predictions of the first four finishers. A year ago six different men of the turf happily sent us their Derby selections. Not one of them had the winner. It's at times like that when a common bond springs up between the serious gambler, the little better, the hopeful owner and the distressed trainer. It also signals the bandmaster a warning that it's high time to strike up the fraternity theme song: "Well, that's racing for you."

(C.N.B.)

# FIVE FERRARIS AND IL BELLO

In a rain-soaked, accident-ridden Mille Miglia  
Eugenio Castellotti, idol of Italian womanhood,  
led a record parade of stablemates to victory

by WILLIAM ROSPIGLIOSI



HANDSOME AND RICH, CASTELLOTTI IS ITALY'S TOP DRIVER

THE WOMEN of Italy called him *Il Bello* (The Beautiful One) and they crowded around him as he sat nonchalantly smoking on the tail of his 12-cylinder, 3.5 liter Ferrari at the starting line in Brescia. His white helmet sitting loosely on his jet-black hair, his tight-fitting blue jacket following every bulge of muscle on his young chest and shoulders, he looked indeed more like a movie idol than Italy's champion driver, co-winner with Juan Manuel Fangio of Florida's 12-hour Grand Prix of Endurance (SI, April 2) and best-beloved pupil of one of the greatest of the greats, the late Alberto Ascari. Yet for all of this, there were not many who would have bet on Eugenio Castellotti, the 25-year-old millionaire racer, to take first place in the tortuous Mille Miglia, the 1,000-mile grind around Italy which was now starting in the lowering dawn.

There was, for example, Fangio, champion of the world, with an identical Ferrari and a defeat in last year's Mille Miglia to spur him on. There was also Stirling Moss, the man who beat out Fangio a year ago and, with his potent if untried 3.5 Maserati, was a hot favorite to take the race again. There was Piero Taruffi in a 3-liter Maserati, a man never to be discounted; there were Luigi Musso and Peter Collins in their lively 4-cylinder, 3.5 Ferraris; there were the Mercedes 300 SLs, privately entered but with factory mechanics and equipment supporting them; and behind them the whole string of 365 cars, roaring off now one after the other at one-minute intervals toward Verona and the hazardous miles beyond.

There was, too, the racing strategy mapped out by Eraldo Sculatti, Fer-

rari's jovial manager, in which young Castellotti had his own allotted place. "The most important part for us," said Sculatti, "is the straight, fast stretch between Brescia and Pescara. It is easier to drive one of our cars at 100 miles per hour around bends than at 200 miles per hour on the straight." On this first half of the race Castellotti and Fangio, in the faster cars, would push hard; Musso and Collins, the second half of

setting pace, but he was well ahead of the rest of the field when, like a modern Romeo, he roared into Juliet's city. First man behind was Taruffi, five mph slower, followed by Musso and Moss. Fangio, as at Sebring, was following his own inflexible plan, summed up by the motto: "The most important prerequisite of any race is to last through the race"—his pace was a modest 101 mph.

The rainy road curved south, then southeast again to the Adriatic Coast. Ravenna came and went—Il Bello was still leading, with Taruffi a scant 19 seconds behind. But now the sturdy Mercedes were creeping up. Wolfgang von Tripps in his 300 SL was only 58 seconds behind Castellotti. And then came the River Rubicon, Caesar's fateful crossing, fateful now to Piero Taruffi whose wet brakes failed. His Maserati left the road and in the crash its radiator cracked, ending the race for him.

Von Tripps in his Mercedes was a real threat now. Driving like an implacable demon, the German crept up second by second on the speeding Ferrari, and by the time Pescara showed ahead, von Tripps was in the lead. Behind Castellotti, Fritz Riess in another 300 SL and Collins in his Ferrari fought neck and neck, followed by Musso, Fangio and Moss. But Castellotti had his orders to win before Pescara—if he could. As the field swept through Ancona, halfway through the coastal stretch, Il Bello was ahead again, leading the Mercedes by a few seconds. And this was the last chance that von Tripps was to have.

Pescara came and went, and then the German driver was out of it. Rather than ram a small car in front of him,

continued on page 45



the Ferrari team, would save their strength, aiming to reach Rome still fresh and able to go all out over the rough and winding mountain passes of Radiofani, Futa and Rattosca. In this scheme of things, Castellotti did not have a position favorable for victory; his burning speed might take its toll of his car before the most rugged part of the race was reached.

According to plan, Castellotti hurled himself toward Verona at a 119-mph average. The rain-soaked roads kept his speed considerably below a record-

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## MILLE MIGLIA

continued from page 49

von Tripps went off the road. But in his place, second to the fleeing Castellotti and seven minutes behind him, was the other Mercedes with Fritz Riess, fighting now to increase a one-minute lead over Collins' Ferrari. Four minutes behind Collins, running smoothly, came Fangio, leading Stirling Moss by three minutes. Thus the race stood at the halfway mark, with the roughest part of all still to go.

And it was *Il Bello, Il Bello!* from the throats of Roman girls as Castellotti, nine and a half minutes ahead of the field, flashed through the capital. The clocks showed 11:30 in the morning. Three people had died by that time, two drivers and a spectator, in three crashes; two more were to be killed and 16 injured before the day was out. The rain came down, and the race went on. Now Collins was behind the leader, three seconds ahead of Riess. The road spun up toward the mountain passes, and when Viterbo was reached Riess in his Mercedes had fallen back to fourth. Three Ferraris led the field: Castellotti, Collins and Musso, and Fangio was pressing the Mercedes hard, a scant minute behind. Stirling Moss was out of it, his Maserati having run off the road

shortly after he passed Rome, and Radicefani, first of the mountain passes, lay ahead.

There was no stopping the Ferraris now. Collins and Musso, who had saved their cars for just this stretch, pushed them to the limit, and it was one, two, three, four for Ferrari when they flashed through Florence with Castellotti still maintaining his nine-and-a-half-minute lead. And then it was one, two, three, four, five when Olivier Gendebien in his Gran Turismo Ferrari overtook Riess in the Mercedes and moved into fifth place behind Fangio.

That was the order of finish when Eugenio Castellotti, drenched with rain, trousers matted to his legs, red-eyed but triumphant, led an unprecedented Ferrari parade across the finish line at Brescia. It was 11 hours, 37 minutes and 11 seconds after he had left the same point in the same direction in the lowering dawn, and he had covered the distance in between at 85.40 miles per hour. It was a precious triumph to him: three times before he had started this race and three times he had failed. "He is always very impetuous," said his grinning race manager Sculatti. "This time the rain checked his impetuosity. Possibly this contributed to his final victory." (END)

### OVER-ALL WINNERS

DRIVER	CAR	TIME
1 Castellotti	Ferrari	11:37:11
2 Collins	Ferrari	11:48:28
3 Musso	Ferrari	12:11:49
4 Fangio	Ferrari	12:26:50
5 Gendebien	Ferrari (Gran Turismo)	12:29:58
6 Metternich	Mercedes 300SL (Gran Turismo)	12:36:38
7 Seidel	Mercedes 300SL (Gran Turismo)	12:38:24
8 Pollet	Mercedes 300SL (Gran Turismo)	12:49:58
9 Cabanero	OSCA	12:57:11
10 Riess	Mercedes 300SL (Gran Turismo)	13:06:31

### SPORTS CARS OF 2,000 cc

1 Scarlatti	Maserati	13:19:02
2 Gottgens	Triumph	15:15:07
3 Faenzi	Triumph	15:23:53

### SPORTS CARS OF 1,500 cc

1 Cabanero	OSCA	12:57:11
2 Briha	Maserati	13:34:09
3 Saucke	Porsche	14:50:14

### SPORTS CARS OF 750 cc

1 Capelli	OSCA	15:41:15
2 Martoglio	Stanghellini	16:15:32
3 Faenzi	Stanghellini	16:16:27

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Up in Boston last week, the Red Sox finally got their licks. They beat the Yanks, but better yet

## CASEY TOOK A WALK

by ROBERT CREAMER

IT ISN'T that people in Boston don't like Casey Stengel. It's just that something in his colorful, aggressive, outspoken nature inspires a violent reaction in Boston.

You may remember that when Casey was managing the Boston Braves some years back he was struck by a taxicab and suffered a broken leg. A Boston sportswriter who apparently felt that Manager Stengel was the prime reason why the Braves were a second-division club promptly suggested that the cab driver be given a medal.

Boston has become considerably more civilized since those bluff and hearty days. After all, they have a symphony there, and several museums, and bridges connect the city with Cambridge, where Harvard is. But let the Stengel personality be exposed in full flower before the people of Boston and off comes the thin veneer of gentility and a bloodthirsty howl of primitive vengeance is heard in the land.

Such was the case last Saturday when the somewhat improper Bostonians who jam into Fenway Park whenever the Boston Red Sox play the New York Yankees had an uproariously cheerful time. The Red Sox finally, for the first time this season, managed to

beat the unloved New Yorkers. They came from behind to win in a wild, scrambling, hang-away game. They displayed some fine pitching (young Dave Sisler, George's son, threw three good, courageous innings of relief to gain his first major league victory; his famous father had broken into the majors 41 years earlier pitching three good, courageous innings of relief), and there was a long, classic home run by Merkey Vernon that put the Red Sox ahead to stay.

**WAS IT A HOMER?**

All this was grand enough, but even grander in retrospect was the thwarting of a Yankee rally in the eighth inning. The Red Sox had gone ahead, 5-3. The Yankees had Jerry Coleman on second, with two out and Mickey Mantle up. Mantle hit a long, high fly to deep center field Jimmy Piersall, the Boston center fielder, went back to the base of the 17-foot-high center field wall but the ball, dropping, hit well above his head and bounced in a high arc 40 feet back into center field, much as a rubber ball will bounce when it hits the corner of a step. Left Fielder Gene Stephens caught the ball and threw it into the infield, holding



"I like Ike, too, but..."

Mantle on third with a triple. Coleman had scored, making the score 5-4.

Out onto the field raced Casey Stengel, trotting howlegged across the diamond, hat clutched in hand, yelling at Umpire Ed Rommel, who had called the play, that the ball had gone into the seats before bouncing out and that therefore it was not a triple but a home run. If this were so, the score would be tied at 5-5.

But Umpire Rommel said, No, Casey, it was not in the seats, it bounced off the top of the wall, which means that it was in play and that Mantle was entitled to no more than the three bases he reached before the ball came back into the infield.

Stengel was furious. His body shook, his arms waved, his mouth jawed. Surprisingly tiny in the company of the tall ballplayers and umpires knotted behind second base, he bounced around like a hantam rooster, shouting and waving his arms. Umpire Rommel jawed back at him. Casey wagged his finger furiously in the umpire's face. The umpire wagged back.

Boston was beside itself with joy. Casey had no chance to win (who ever wins an argument with an umpire?) and they would have been content to watch the goings-on all afternoon, knowing that Casey could not win. They howled and catcalled and hoed, thoroughly pleased by it all.

Finally the red-faced umpire roared something at Stengel and with a gesture that could be seen on cathodo-ray tubes all over New England ordered Stengel off the field, out of the game, into the showers. A full-throated howl of appreciation rolled down from the grandstand. Stengel was accompanied by a cacophony of raucous hoing as he clumped back across the diamond. It did not end until he disappeared into the runway to the clubhouse.

Once again, it was not that Boston did not like Casey Stengel. It was just that it was delighted at the rare sight of Stengel vanquished. When the Red Sox held on to win 6-4, things were just that much more perfect.

Of course, Stengel himself didn't care much one way or the other how Boston felt about him as he prowled around his clubhouse after the game, growling about the play, insisting that any damn fool could see the ball disappear behind the wall into the seats before it bounced back. Some observers agreed with him, among them two or three of the New York newspapermen who travel with the Yankees. The *New York Times* man, for instance, wrote,

*continued on next page*



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## BASEBALL

continued from page 47

"The ball apparently landed three or four rows up. . . . It bounced once while a number of . . . spectators . . . scrambled for it. Then the ball bounced back into the playing field."

This is misleading. The ball hit either the slightly beveled edge of the wall, as Center Fielder Pinielli and Umpire Rommel insisted, or it cleared the wall by inches and struck a seat in the first row in the stands. Wherever it hit, it bounced back immediately onto the playing field, with no time out for bouncing among scrambling spectators. In fact, since that section of the bleachers is fenced off and kept empty, to insure a dark background for the hitters at home plate, the spectators had a long way to come before they could start scrambling at all.

Perhaps an underlying reason for the vociferous going-over that the Boston fans gave Stengel was their resentment at their own team's miserable showing the day before, when the Yankees won 5-2 with almost ridiculous ease. Typical was the fifth inning when, with two Yankees out and none on base, the Red Sox committed errors on the next three batted balls to let in two vitally important and utterly unearned runs.

It was pretty awful baseball and the crowd reacted with typical Fenway Park vengeance, landing on their own heroes with a full measure of hoots, boos and catcalls. Rookie Don Buddin was given a huge, mocking round of applause for fielding a simple ground ball shortly after he had made a damaging error on an equally simple grounder, and he was accorded similar sarcastic praise two innings later when he caught an easy pop fly. Jackie Jensen, who had difficulties in the field and at the plate, was hooted each time he batted. One gentle character, recalling the recent television show that told the story of Jensen's rehabilitation from near juvenile delinquency, yelled from the safety of the grandstand, "Jensen, you're just a spoiled child." After Billy Goodman grounded out weakly for the third time, another voice, bearing a perfect Boston accent, called out indignantly, "Yoush a weak sistuh, Goodman!" a wonderfully New Englandish insult right out of *The Rover Boys at Yale*.

All in all, it was a bad day for Boston, and all the more reason why the next day it was such fun to rail at a Yankee for a change. (ENR)

## TIP FROM THE TOP



**MIKE SOUCHAK**, Grossinger, N.Y.

Particularly useful  
for erratic putters

Like all professional golfers, I have tried to work out a set of fundamental procedures for keeping my putting strokes as consistent and as reliable as I can make them. Staying with these fundamentals has helped me a good deal, particularly in holing the short ones—those crucial four-footers that make or break a golf round more than any other shot in the game.

As regards the grip, I've discovered that I have a much better touch if my right hand rides high on the shaft. Besides eliminating the tendency to pull the putt, it helps me to get a uniform, unvarying speed on the ball. As far as address goes, I find it valuable to use a slight forward press of the hands before taking the blade back. Too much of a forward press can be bad because a golfer then tends to jab the ball down into the grass. A slight forward press makes it easier for the left hand to go through the ball after contact, to move a little more out toward the hole. This, I find, enables you to get the slow speed on the ball that's so desirable. As for my right hand, I like to feel that the right palm is moving straight along the line of the putt to the hole.



The slight forward  
press at address



The left hand continues  
through the ball

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## CITY ON THE WATER

continued from page 32

for Detroit, one eastern owner (Guy Lombardo) remarked wistfully: "It's a shame to take this race away from Seattle—this is the greatest boat race course in the world."

No sooner had the sounds of the race died down when an outfit called Greater Seattle Inc., a group of boat-loving boosters who had helped finance Sayres's earlier defenses of the Gold Cup, allotted \$25,000 to create a new spectacle, the Seafair Trophy race. The Seafair will be run off August 4-5 and is sanctioned as the unlimited hydroplane championship of the U.S.

Built around the Seafair Trophy race will be another of Seattle's floating fiestas, a 10-day affair called Seafair Week, during which synthetic pirates cruise around town on festooned floats, and King Neptune's ship—a chosen derelict—gets burned by a nautical gang made up as Davy Jones and his pirates; water ski races, boat-to-boat parties and other nautical hi-jinks round out the celebration.

Buzzing angrily for attention through the uproar of regattas and hydroplane races are the small bouncing outboards which spin around Green Lake right in the middle of a staid residential district. Hardly a weekend passes without some sort of outboard racing. "A man could go broke just entering all the races," says Al Benson, veteran racing official. The outboard classic of the town is the annual Sammamish Slough race, a slam-bang run through a curving navigation ditch that connects Lake Washington to easterly Lake Sammamish. Each year, these outboard daredevils smash up thousands of dollars of equipment, racing through farm lands and low-hanging trees, under bridges and past treacherous, submerged logs. Some of the 50,000 spectators who line the 13-mile course occasionally lift a beached boat back into the water and help the driver on his way.

A splendorous counterpart to the poll-mell powerboats is provided by the large and growing colony of sailboat devotees. The heavyweights of the sailing fleet are the long (45 to 75 feet), stately sailing yachts, costing from \$30,000 on up to \$110,000. Premier event for these handsome auxiliaries is the annual Swiftpure Lightship Race, which for sheer ruggedness compares with any in the world as a test of the seaworthiness of a boat and the seamanship of its crew.

Says a longtime competitor, Insurance Executive Charley Frisbie: "This race belongs to the fellow who can beat into the wind. It takes a good crew, fine seamanship and a lot of luck to win."

For day sailors and class-boat racers, Lake Washington provides nearly ideal conditions. The Corinthian Yacht Club, limited exclusively to sailing, estimates that its 340 boats sail about 10,000 miles a year in club-sponsored races alone. Each Wednesday, an average of 120 boats—El Toros, International 14s, Penguins, Thistles, Stars and various larger classes—compete in the annual spring, summer and fall series of twilight races.

The current standout among Seattle sailors is Bill Buchan Jr., who last year won the Mallory Cup, symbol of the North American Sailing Championship. As with the Gold Cup, the Mallory Cup winner has the privilege of suggesting where the next race will be held; and Bill suggested Lake Washington, where the finals will be run off in Blanche Senior Knockabouts September 8 through 13.

The sailors, however, are not the only ones who like to do their racing in comparative peace and quiet. A good portion of the powerboaters feel the same way; and for these more sedate cruiser men, Seattle offers a number of predicted log races, biggest of which is the 180-boat International Cruiser Race (SI, Aug. 22, 1955). Another top event is the Heavy Weather Race, for which 112 boats turned out on a freezing day last February. The Interclub Challenge Race, featuring the four top boats from each yacht club, winds up the season in September.

Another trend in powerboating—and perhaps the most significant trend in the whole Seattle yachting complex—is toward weekend family cruises. This year, there will be more than 120 such outings, some boasting as many as 85 boats. A wonderful salt-air democracy prevails over these excursions. "Plumbers and bankers, they're all alike on a family cruise," says Ev Henry, president of the Inboard Powerboat Association. "Once out on the water, they're all equal."

Henry added, "Five years ago, every club used to have 'stag' cruises—maybe five or six a year. Now it's down to one, because people have discovered that boating is a family affair. It's for everybody." (CWB)

MAP BY LUCILLE CORCOS

PORT MADISON  
END OF SEASON  
REGATTA  
HELD HERE

BREMONTON YACHT CLUB

FINISH OF  
HEAVY-WEATHER  
PREDICTED  
LOG RACE

TRI-ISLAND RACES START FROM HERE

SANMAMISH SLOUGH  
OUTBOARDERS  
HOLD MARATHON HERE

SOLSHIRE BAY

GREEN LAKE

SAND POINT  
YACHT CLUB

GOVERNMENT  
LOCKS

TYEE  
YACHT CLUB

HEADQUARTERS  
FOR UNIVERSITY  
OF WASHINGTON CREW

COURSE FOR  
POWER CRUISER  
RACES

LAKE  
WASHINGTON  
CANAL

LAKE  
UNION

SEATTLE YACHT CLUB  
OPENING DAY REGATTA  
STARTS HERE

HUNT POINT  
HOME OF  
STAN SAYRES  
AND SLO-MO IV

POSTAGE BAY

QUEEN CITY YACHT CLUB

PUGET  
SOUND

SEATTLE

COURSE FOR  
OPENING DAY  
SAILBOAT RACES

DUNSMUIR HEAD

ELLIOT BAY  
ANNUAL TUG RACE  
HELD HERE

CORINTHIAN  
YACHT CLUB

LAKE  
WASHINGTON

MEYERHOLD  
YACHT CLUB

FLOATING BRIDGE

SLO-MO IV  
SET WORLD RECORD  
OF 176.97 MPH HERE

MERCER ISLAND

CREW RACES  
AND UNLIMITED  
HYDRO RACES HELD HERE

SEATTLE:  
YACHTSMAN'S  
PARADISE

RAINIER  
YACHT CLUB

POINT PULLEY

Some say 100 yards is no race, but Dave Sime and Bobby Morrow proved otherwise as they pounded through an Iowa rainstorm in

# A CLASSIC DUEL OF SPEED

by ROY TERRELL

LONG BEFORE the law of gravity was discovered—long, that is, before the famous apple came clattering down upon the head of Sir Isaac Newton—the Greeks were breaking it. They developed such a passion for running and jumping and heaving assorted bits of Grecian hardware around the landscape that eventually they bundled the whole thing up into one cohesive affair, and so was born the sport of track and field. Probably—although here the hooks are a little vague—the Greeks got the idea in the first place from some long-departed ancestor who didn't necessarily consider it fun but had to do quite a bit of running, pumping and throwing back among the woolly mammoths and saber-toothed tigers of the Stone Age scene.

Anyway, it has been going on for quite a while and getting better all the time, and last weekend a big version of the oldest established permanent floating athletic event in the world popped up in Des Moines, Iowa. If the ancient Greeks could have been at the Drake Relays—suitably attired in their winter tunics—they would have approved heartily and been somewhat amazed at the progress of an old favorite.

The Drake Relays in action are a three-ring circus of track and field—colorful, exciting and spectacular. In planning and execution they are not much different from a dozen other similar events which dot the spring months throughout Texas and Kansas and Pennsylvania and California; they serve the dual purpose of giving local fans a chance to see the nation's finest young athletes perform and afford coaches an early opportunity to test and evaluate their boys against strong competition in a pleasant and pressureless setting before the big conference and national meets roll around.

Last weekend, for example, to add their names to a list which already includes such as Jesse Owens and Ralph Metcalfe, Greg Rice and Wee Santee, Harrison Dillard and Fred Wolcott, Al Blozis and Fortune Gordien and a pole vaulter named Warmerdam, came the



RELAY RUNNERS FROM ALL ACROSS THE COUNTRY FOUND FELL-HELL THROUGH THE IOWA RUG

stars of 1956. There was Bill Nieder, a muscular young giant from Kansas who is the first collegian ever to put the shot over 60 feet; there was Mal Whitfield, now a student at Los Angeles State College and still, at 31, the possessor of the same flawless stride which won two Olympic 800-meter championships and next fall at Melbourne could conceivably win another. There were also Bob Gutowski, a slender, almost skinny young man from Occidental who this February became the fourth college pole vaulter in history to soar over 15 feet; J. W. Mashburn, the big, blond power runner from Oklahoma A&M who every day looks more like the next Olympic 400-meter champion; and the great relay teams from Iowa, Baylor and Abilene Christian. And on hand for exhibitions were two former Southern California stars no longer eligible for college competition but anxious to stay in shape for the important days ahead: Parry O'Brien, the burly 1952 Olympic shotput champion and world record holder, and Ernie Shelton, who has been within a half inch of the world high-jump record

and is gunning for an Olympic title of his own.

And then there were Bobby Morrow and David Sime.

The Drake officials—and the good people of Iowa, who have been known to turn out 16,000 strong for this big show—were very happy to have Nieder and O'Brien and Mashburn and Gutowski and the rest. But they were especially happy to have Morrow and Sime. For despite Drake's enviable record it has never been able to solve two big problems: how to cope with Iowa weather and how to get someone to run 100 yards in less than 9.5 seconds. Of course it would have been asking too much of Morrow and Sime to solve the first; even the Drake officials have given up trying. Rain or shine, sun or snow, they cross their fingers, hope for the best and with good grace accept what shows up. If it is a beautiful weekend, wonderful. If not, well, the farmers can always use the rain. Last Saturday, after a beautifully sunny opening day during which afternoon temperature climbed to 81°, the farmers got their rain—and 38°



temperatures which threatened to ruin the Drake relays entirely.

But before the meet was an hour old, Morrow and Sime solved the second problem. Each, in a qualifying heat on Friday afternoon, ran a 9.4 100.

Now there are those, even among the track faithful, who consider the 100-yard dash—particularly when teamed up with a stop watch—an inferior product of the sport. For one thing, they will tell you, it gets over too fast. Zoom—and they're gone. What kind of a race is that? They will also mention the wonderful combination of speed and stamina it takes to run a record mile; the delicate sense of timing and pace, the psychology of position, the battle of wit as well as lung and muscle. Now that is a real race. But the sprinters—they just get out there and run. Zoom. And what if the watches do say it's good? It really doesn't mean anything. In the dashes, they could throw away the clocks, it's who wins that's important, and until a guy has beaten another good one he's nobody.

To which those who like the sprints answer simply: the dashes are the most natural race a man can run. That old cave man, for example, wasn't pacing himself when a saber-tooth showed up—he was getting out of there fast. The times? Well, maybe you're right; sometimes they are misleading, but great sprinters do get together once in a while and then you have seen a remarkable exhibition, a thing of beauty and a joy forever.

Bob Karnes, the 29-year-old Drake track coach and director of the relays, was a middle-distance man himself back in undergraduate days at Kansas, but he liked the dashes just the same, and last winter he made up his mind that Drake was going to have a good 100. First he sent off an invitation to Jim Golliday, the defending champion from Northwestern, who was limping around with a pulled muscle but still might be ready in time. Golliday, who gets off the starting blocks as if he were equipped with a rocket and finishes as if he had picked up another one on the way, is a coholder of the world record of 9.3 seconds, an Army veteran generally regarded by the experts as the No. 1 U.S. Olympic sprint candidate. If he isn't No. 1, Bobby Morrow is, and Karnes sent Morrow an invitation, too. A fabulous young Texan who hadn't lost a 100 since the spring of 1953, he had never met Golliday in competition but as an Abilene Christian freshman last season ran wind-assisted times as low as 9.1, turned in

9.4 with no assistance and won the National AAU 100. And then Karnes sent an invitation to Dave Sime.

Sime is a 19-year-old Duke University sophomore from New Jersey who never ran track in high school and went to college on a baseball scholarship. But he knew he could run and said so; to prove it he slipped off a 9.6 as a freshman, became the most talked-about newcomer in track with his indoor performances last winter and then, outdoors again this spring, ran 9.4 twice in the South. He had never raced Morrow, or Golliday either. In fact he had never seen them.

#### A DARK HORSE TO PUSH

The race had everything, even a dark horse. Dick Blair, another member of the strong Kansas team, had been flirting with sensational times for two years and only the week before served notice with an unofficial 9.5 clocking. So when Golliday, slow to mend and still limping from his winter injury, was scratched from the race, there wasn't too much disappointment. The two big sophomores appeared ready to go, and Blair was capable of seeing that they did.

The 9.4 preliminary times (Blair won his heat with a 9.5) made it almost certain that this was going to be a race to remember, and even the fact that all three runners were pushed along by 7½-mph winds (the allowable for record purposes is slightly less than 4½) didn't lessen the anticipation. That night in Des Moines—and over much of the rest of the nation as well—there was talk of a 9.3 100 or even a 9.2. And—although this is frowned upon in some circles—not since Nashua and Swaps hooked up last summer at Chicago had there been so much wagering upon the outcome of a race. The favorite was Morrow, more experienced, more tested against strong competition. "He's never been pushed," one man pointed out. "There's no telling what that boy can run."

But at least two in a position to know leaned slightly the other way. Mel Patton, who eight years before had become the first man to run 100 yards in 9.3, now track coach of the University of Wichita, had an idea it might be Sime. "I've seen Morrow before," he said Friday night, "and he's a wonderful runner. But this Sime has such a beautiful balance. He's going to be tough to beat."

Said Northwestern's Rut Walter: "I'm not a betting man, but if I were I believe I'd go with Sime. It's too bad Jim isn't able to get in on this. And

I'll tell you one thing: whoever wins, someone is really going to have to do some stepping to keep those two boys and Jim off that boat to Australia. I don't think we've ever had three sprinters of that caliber in this country at one time."

But by Saturday afternoon there was no longer any talk of a record. The temperature, dropping all night and throughout the morning, was down to 46° by noon, and an hour before the race it began to pour. Sime, nervous and sniffing from a slight cold, warmed up slowly in the shelter of the Drake fieldhouse and worried about the fans. "I'd hoped we could give them a real good time," he said, "and now this has to come along."

"Well, maybe you won't have to be out in it very long," a man standing nearby said.

Dave grinned. "Just a little over nine seconds, I hope."

Across the way, Morrow, in his usual calm manner, nodded and grinned at well-wishers, shook his head with a smile when they mentioned the nice 80° weather he had left back home and shrugged when someone asked him if he was nervous. Then, a little ahead of Sime, he jogged out into the rain.

Lining up for the start, they made quite a picture, but of the eight runners the 7,000 pairs of eyes peering from under umbrellas and rain hats in the stands were focused on only the three in the middle. In Lane No. 4, outwardly calm, 6 feet 1½ inches tall, weighing 175 pounds, bronzed and handsome, with a white slash bearing the letters ACC across his purple jersey, was Morrow. In Lane No. 6, almost 6 feet 3 inches and 185 pounds, red-haired, baby-faced and with the big white-winged D sharp against his light-blue jersey, stood Sime, impatient to get going. And in between, slight and nervous but with some plans of his own, was a runner in a bright-blue jersey with the brilliant orange letters "Kansas" across his chest—Dick Blair.

Before Starter Les Duke could get them away, somebody on the edge of the track clicked a camera shutter and off they went, Sime and Blair letting their momentum carry them almost halfway down the track while Morrow came off his blocks to jog only a few yards before turning back to try again. On the second attempt Blair—and maybe Sime and another runner in an inside lane—beat the gun and Duke called them back again. This time Morrow, who has never been disqualified from a race for a false start, merely

continued on next page

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## DRAKE RELAYS

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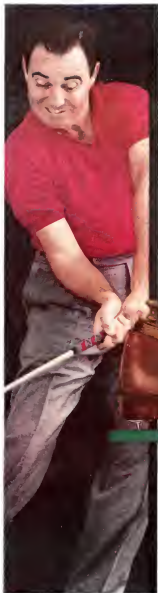
stood up in his blocks and walked a few steps down the track.

But the third time they were off, Blair and Sime got away together, Morrow a fraction of a second late. At 30 yards Sime had pulled away to a lead of more than a yard and Morrow was on Blair's shoulder. At 70 yards Morrow caught Blair and, almost imperceptibly, began to inch up on Sime. But he didn't really get close. The big redhead, pounding along through the puddles over a surface which somehow had remained just firm enough, threw himself forward at the tape with more than two feet to spare. Morrow, losing his first race since he was a junior in high school, beat Blair by a foot. The rest of the field was far behind, and when the time was announced (9.4) and the wind (a quivering 4.4) the Drake Relays had the record they wanted. As the man said, it had been zoom—and over. But it was quite a race. In fact, only three men in history had ever done better than this big, shy, 19-year-old kid from New Jersey and none had ever done as well under such miserable conditions.

After that, the remainder of the meet was anticlimax. The weather ruined all other record attempts except that of Gutowski, who repaired to the warmth and dryness of the field house along with the other pole vaulters and, using a runway about 45 feet shorter than his normal distance, sailed over 14 feet 8 1/4 inches. Shelton, who also performed inside when the high-jump area turned into a quagmire, went 6 feet 8 3/4. O'Brien tossed a slippery shot 58 feet 7 as Neider did 54 feet 11 3/4 to win the college competition. Whitfield helped Los Angeles State to a college sprint medley championship with an easy 880 and then ran a 48.2 anchor lap, very fine considering the conditions, in a losing cause in the mile relay.

But it was the sprinters' show. After it was all over, there were those who pointed out that on another day, with a better start, it might be Morrow instead of Sime. And they might get that 9.3 or 9.2. But whoever wins, as they meet again through the month of June in the National Collegiates, at the National AAU and finally at the Olympic trials, it should be quite a series of races. At week's end the people of Des Moines unanimously agreed that either Sime or Morrow would have made a good cave man, a good Greek—and could easily make a good Olympic champion.

(END)



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ASIAN SPORTS AND GAMES 2

## GO, JUMBO, GO!

SF's globe-trotting artist captures in paintings some of the highlights of an old Asian sport—the pitting of animal against animal in contest and combat

PAINTINGS BY JOHN GROTH



EVERY four-legged animal which can possibly be kept on a course is raced in Asian countries. Bedouins ride swift Arabian horses over desert sands; Afghans compete aboard stumpy Mongol ponies, and Arab legionnaires rock and roll on racing camels in the Transjordan desert. No festival is without some animal contest, often grueling and savage. Miniature hullocks pull high-wheeled carts in Ceylon, and tiny fighting fish tear each other to ribbons in a village near Bangkok. Afghans even bet on battles between

pocket-sized fighting partridges. In India, cheetahs bring down the sambhur deer, and Arab falconers send their birds against gazelles and bustards. Most uproarious of the contests are the elephant races. Fifteen elephants were entered in the race shown above, held at Kandy, capital of Ceylon. The crowd came from miles around in bullock carts, and the betting was heavy. Incidentally, Rajah, the favorite, won by a trunk and then happily cooled out when the mahout took him to the nearby river for a four-hour bath.

Turn page for more Asian sports and games



### RAMS FIGHT AT THE KHYBER

**I**N THE SHADOW of an old fort in the Khyber Pass region, turbaned shepherds shout encouragement to fighting rams locked in battle. A favorite native sport during the rutting season in Pakistan, Afghanistan and northern India, ram fighting takes place wherever a challenge is issued and

a contestant can be found. The animals rush at each other, heads down, and collide with a mighty thud. Then they back off and charge again. This head banging goes on while the odds keep changing until the ram with the biggest headache decides it has had enough and unhappily retires.

# THE OUTDOOR WEEK

EDITED BY ED ZERN AND TOM LINEAWEAVER

Based on regular weekly dispatches from SI bureaus and special correspondents in the U.S., Canada, Mexico and overseas; and on reports from fish and game commissions of the 48 states and Alaska

## FREECORN FOR QUAIL

MOST wildlife biologists agree that stocking pen-reared birds is an expensive and often unrewarding method of bolstering depleted game bird populations. Far more, they point out, can be accomplished through habitat improvement alone.

A forceful vindication of this thesis is furnished by the Virginia Game and Inland Fisheries Commission. As part of a long-term plan to demonstrate that habitat improvement benefits both game and landowners, the commission in 1949 acquired rundown Hawfield Plantation in Orange County. At

that time there were only 16 coveys of quail on its entire 2,764 acres.

Commission field workers stocked no birds and exercised no predator control. They simply proceeded to reconstruct Hawfield as a farm, with special attention to fringe cover that would not only prevent erosion but afford protection and food for game.

Results have been startling. Hawfield today is an efficient, productive farm that is also stuffed with quail. At last count the commission located 75 large coveys and estimates that in dense cover areas there are still more.

If Virginia has helped prove what habitat improvement can do, a Massachusetts biologist has dramatically highlighted the unhappy alternative.

Conducting his experiments on quail-rich Cape Cod, Massachusetts Biologist Tom Ripley, a month before hunting season, released five pen-reared coveys of 20 birds each in cover that was already supporting a native quail population. Checking with dogs, Ripley found that only 34 stocked quail survived until opening day.

Ten of these were shot in season and by January, 14 more had expired. This represented a 90% mortality, yet during the same three-month period native quail in the same area suffered a much lower 33% mortality.

"By the time most pen-reared birds learned how to act like quail," comments Ripley, "it was too late even under favorable habitat conditions."

## PERMITS

THE DREAM of many a light-tackle angler visiting the Florida

Keys or the West Indies is to take a permit. This powerful member of the pompano family is a shy and rare visitor to shallow subtropical flats, where it feeds much like a bonefish. The current world record fish weighed 42 pounds 4 ounces, but a permit of any size is considered a trophy and more anglers than not return home without one. Still, there are those exceptions

continued on next page



## SLAM ON HEADS

William A. Fisher (above), a Bellingham, Wash. dentist, is one of a handful of dogged sportsmen who have successfully hunted all four species of North American mountain sheep. Shown here with his trophy heads, Dr. Fisher stands between a Dall Sheep (left) and a Desert Bighorn. A Stone Sheep hangs at top right flanked by a Rocky Mountain Bighorn, a recent kill which completed Fisher's sheepish grand slam.

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### THE OUTDOOR WEEK

continued from page 59

which keep angling hopes alive and last week Michael Gottlieb of Miami was one such.

Fishing the flats around the Bahamian island of Bimini one morning, Gottlieb, on spinning tackle, 10-pound test line and a live shrimp, hooked and boated a 31-pound permit. Then, after lunch, blissfully contemptuous of precedent, he went out again with his guide, "Bonefish" Sam Ellis, and caught another, this one 29 pounds 10 ounces. "It's not a record," Gottlieb reflects, "but it's sure a once-in-a-few-lifetimes."

#### CRANE IN CONFINEMENT

AFTER FOUR distressing failures, Josephine is trying again. Josephine, a whooping crane at the Audubon Park Zoo in New Orleans, laid an egg last week, and wildlife fanciers are in a state of joyful, albeit restrained, anticipation. The restraint stems from the fact that Josephine and her mate are the only two whoopers in captivity and that Josephine, although willing, has faltered as a mother. Her record so far lists three broken eggs, one four-day-old chick mysteriously missing. Since no whooping crane has yet been hatched and raised under bothhouse conditions, and since only 28 still survive in the wild (SI, March 12), Josephine is very much on the ornithological spot.

#### CENTENNIAL

CONSIDERING that 20 centuries ago Macedonian anglers were matching the hatch on the River Astracus with wool and hackle, a hundred years in the history of fly fishing is only a few lines from an epic. But a hundred years in the exacting handicraft of fashioning fly rods is a respectable span, and this year the Charles F. Orvis Co. Inc. in Manchester, Vermont is observing its 100th anniversary.

The Orvis Co. was founded in 1856 by Charles F. Orvis, a 5-foot 3-inch Yankee with intense pride in his business. Asked once: "You the fellow that makes fishin' poles?" Orvis replied: "Sir, God makes poles. The Orvis Company makes fishing rods."

When Orvis died, the enterprise was carried on by his two sons, Albert and Robert, but by the late 1930s both were over 80, and the company was

floundering in a sea of mounting costs.

In 1940 D. C. Corkran, a crack golfer who once set a new qualifying record in the National Amateur, bought the Charles F. Orvis Co. for approximately \$3,000 and bought right into trouble.

World War II broke and a government order suspended production of fishing rods. Corkran weathered that by manufacturing bamboo ski poles for the Army. With peace, fibre glass moved to the front as an inexpensive, rugged rod material and bamboo was prematurely relegated to limbo.

D. C. Corkran, however, now in his 60s, is an energetic and determined individual. He purchased the Orvis Company with the conviction that anglers would always appreciate fine workmanship and pay for it. He not only continued to make traditional bamboo rods but improved on tradition by impregnating them with a bakelite resin, to increase their durability.

Today Orvis' gross annual sales in rods and a great variety of tackle probably reach the six-figure mark, and Charles F. Orvis, who may occasionally pay a ghostly visit to the Battenkill, is undoubtedly pleased.

#### FISHERMAN'S CALENDAR

SO—season opened (or opened), SC—season closed (or closed), C—clear water, D—

water dirty or oily; M—water muddy N—water of normal height, SH—slightly high, H—high; VL—very high; L—low, R—rising, F—fishing, WTY—water temperature 50°, FG—fishing good, FF—fishing fair, FP—fishing poor, OG—outlook good; OF—outlook fair, OP—outlook poor

**BLACK BASIN, Florida:** Despite some rainfall across central Florida last week, many lakes are critically low and at present some were on emergency basis, with state Fresh Water Fish Commission allowing unlimited catches. Best fishing last week in central state was Lake Pierce, east of Dundee. In north Florida best bass fishing is at St. John's River near Welaka and Crescent City where shiners and black cat fish were producing limits to 8½ pounds. OVG if and when rains come.

**SOUTH CAROLINA:** Spoon and spinning lure are producing frequent limits (light) at Lake Murray; sport attributes fast action to rising water, says most bass are in 2- to 3-pound class.

**SOUTH CAROLINA:** FG and OG for fresh water ponds in Hatteras and Dare County mainland areas as bass are taking fly-rod surface lures enthusiastically. Currituck area also improving and OVG.

**CALIFORNIA:** Windy weather slowed fishing on lower Colorado reservoirs last week but OVG, especially for big bass. Last week Shasta and Clear lakes were producing on plugs fished at six- to eight-foot depth, but surface lures should get results now.

**MISSOURI:** Lake Norfork is in fine condition and deep-running plugs are producing good to excellent catches, but best fishing in state is at Lake Bull Shoals where last week 64 black bass weighing 6 pounds or better were reported: five weighed more than 6 pounds.

**TEXAS:** Good fishing in at season's peak in middle and east Tennessee; largemouths are taking top-water lures in Douglas and Chevelle lakes and smallmouth fishing is best in recent years at Norris Reservoir. FVG at Cerro Hill Lake, where local teletv is taking 1-to-3-pound smallmouths of shallow points on polar bear hair flies tipped with pork rind. In general, OVG.



simultaneously. Local experts doubt that anyone will top the 3-tonned, 1,000-lb largemouth caught by H. B. Johnson of Gulfport two weeks ago in Happy Lake, a small public lake northwest of Gulfport. The fish, a whopper by Gulf Coast standards, was caught on a midget plug.

**LOUISIANA:** FG and OG in ponds throughout southern Louisiana.

**KINGFISH:** **FLORIDA:** Although kingfish ran unsupervised to have passed Tampa three weeks ago, partly because rain did a lot of work at No. 2 bay at entrance to harbor last week, and since then boats have been bringing in catches of 50 or 60 kingfish trolling with white minnows or spooks. However, when it rains and schools will probably have moved on by now. In north-west Florida several large schools are reported 20 miles offshore and are expected to hit in cluster when wind dies. In Miami area charter boats report excellent catches of kingfish but no big observations.

**TROUT:** **NEW YORK:** First warm weather last Saturday brought torrential rain that raised Beaverkill and Esopus rivers to near-flood stage. By now Beaverkill may be in fair shape and

FRANKLIN AKA. Good batches of Hinderkshens reported from Yellow Branch and other central Pennsylvania streams, and OG/FG for fly-fishermen if weather stays good.

**MICHIGAN:** FF/F in western areas from Boardman River south and in eastern Mading's Au Gres and Au Raisé areas, but north-central area of lower peninsula provided some bright spots as hundreds of fishermen made limit catches in Pickwick, West Lost, West Twin and Hensick lakes in Pigeon River Forest District. Top lake this area was Loomis (see "Fish Box"). Almost all fish caught on worms. OG/FG warm weather catches but snow is still in swamps on Sturgeon, Pigeon and Black rivers and rain could still trigger floods.

**CALIFORNIA:** An estimated three-quarter million anglers celebrated statewide opening day last Saturday with weathermen cooperating after embelk storms and FG despite high, murky waters. Top roadside waters in northern California were San Francisco's Lake Merced, Feather River, Lake Almanor region's Battle and Crocker-Hooks, Put and Upper Sacramento rivers. On east slope of the Sierra, Crowley Lake gave up hundreds of limit to an estimated 7,000 anglers with top fish an 8½-pound brown taken on trout by Ralph Zoeph of Lindsay, Calif.; lower limiters were reported than at last year's opening, probably due to confusion on new live bait restrictions. In south, most popular lake was Castana where 85,000 anglers found spotty fishing in murky water, lake is 22 feet higher than last year and trout are watered. Within 100 miles of Los Angeles hot spots were Arrowhead, Big Bear and Little Rock Reservoirs; west and east forks of San Gabriel are generally improved after recent planting of bigger trout. In general, OG/FG.

**IDAHO:** As high water hit river state to work steelhead, anglers found FF/FG for rainbow trout at Thousand Springs near Hagerman and below Snake Dam on Snake River. Malheur Reservoir is open and OG/FG, but don't try this unless you have four-wheel-drive car. In general, OG.

**WASHINGTON:** Biggest opening day in state's history saw an estimated 600,000 fishermen catch an estimated 3,100,000 trout; game department catch of 53,781 anglers revealed average take of 7.74 trout per man. In the 500 lakes in Columbia Basin produced 41,671; of trout taken in state, and Blue Lake in Grant County produced 90,265 fish to 3½ pounds for 7,500 fishermen. Park Lake in Grant County produced same high average. Other top lakes on opening day were Deep Lake in Grant County, Clear Lake in the Bad Hills in Thurston County, Sylvia in Gray's Harbor County. Cottage in King County, Woodruff in Grays Harbor in Spokane and Tatwax in Pierce, in order of productivity. Biggest trout of opening day was 7½-pound rainbow from Deep Lake. In western Washington, Lake Shoshoni in Snohomish County and Twin Lake in Kitsap County averaged 10 fish per man. Other hot lakes were Sooten, Cottage, Walker, Deer, Todd, Hummel, Battle Ground and Blue. Most anglers caught their fish on single eggs or worms, or trolling with spinner and worms, with fly-fishes in definite minority. Squawam and Samish lakes FF; Samish OG for silvers to 12 inches.

**NEW MEXICO:** SO May 1 and OVG in higher mountain areas. Rio Grande between Taos and Colorado line reports FG, with some muscovies in water but clearing fast, and some nice browns being taken on dark wet flies and worms.

**WYOMING:** As SO April 28 winter weather kept all but hardest fishermen at home. Rule River in N and C but air temperatures in high 20s and 30s and made most fishermen use unmanageable FF and OG until weather and water warm.

**OREGON:** As SO April 28, FF despite showers and cloudy weather, coastal areas provided many limits of cutthroat trout from coastal streams and upper tidal waters; hot spot was Siletia River with heat and bass fishermen taking over limits. Willamette Valley streams were disappointing with small and scattered catches. Detroit Reservoir on upper Siskiyou FF. Deschutes River in excellent condition from Wickham Reservoir downstream to mouth of Crooked River and FG with several large browns reported caught on worms, and several limits taken on blue OE.

**NEW JERSEY:** FG on South Branch of Raritan between Hoffman's and High Bridge and on East Branch 4½ miles downstream from Route 30s Bridge.

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# TRUE TEMPER

Fishing Tackle Division  
Anderson, S. Carolina

## FISH BOX

Among last week's outstanding catches: a 366-pound STEVENSON caught by Wilfred Cravens of Walters Ferry, Idaho at Swan Falls in the Snake River near Boise; a 7½-pound SMALLMOUTH BASS caught at Tennessee's Center Hill Lake by Don Smith of Chattanooga on a plug; a 73-pound SALFISH caught by Mrs. Lawrence Bewditch of Manhattan, N.Y., on nine-thread line and three-ounce tip off Key West; a 9-pound 28-inch RAINBOW TROUT caught in Michigan's Lake Louise by John Moorhead of Gaylord, Mich.; a 41-pound CHANNEL BASS caught in surf at Hatteras Beach by Harold J. Williams of Wynnwood, Pa.; a 45-pound CHANNEL BASS caught in surf at Oregon Inlet by Dr. Walter Spaeth of Elizabeth City, N.C.; a 9-pound 12-ounce BROWN TROUT caught in Washington's Lake Ten by Ray Pittman of Clear Lake, Wash.; a 2,500-pound BASKING SHARK harpooned by Harry Gilbert of Brentwood, B.C. and shot after two-hour tackle.

trout should be taking Quill Goulen and Red-streaked nymphs, with good dryfly fishing on same pattern in immediate offing. Economy probably will not be at peak until mid-May but with leaders as the Beaverkill, Little Beaverkill, Chichester, Woodland Valley and Silver Hollow streams should be in fair-to-good condition now. Adirondack area rivers are at several weeks from good fishing as runoff will continue until mid-May. In southwestern New York most streams are high and only but Merle Hughes of Jamestown managed to creek a 4-pound 14-ounce brown from Clear Creek near Randolph.

**MASSACHUSETTS:** Warm weather last Saturday led to much success on eastern Massachusetts lakes and ponds, with unrecorded report of several rainbow trout from Walden Pond topping limit fish stories. Bay State's reformed trout ponds are paying off this season with several fish over 20 inches taken from Goose and Chatham ponds on Cape Cod. Biggest trout are starting to show at Cudd Pond in Natick State Forest. Adaptation growing throughout state for year-round trout season to avoid concentrated stocking program and opening-day rush scenes. Farmington River produced several limit catches on backcasts and nymphs, and water levels were dropping in most western streams; OG/FG.

**NEW HAMPSHIRE:** Only southern part of state is ice-free and weather has delayed starting of trout waters, but SO May 1 and 240-400 legal trout have been planted.

# CRACKER-BARREL CLASSICS

Architect Bill Atkinson applies a slide rule to the design of "country" clothes



ARCHITECT-DESIGNER Atkinson decorates the Glen of Michigan showroom in country-house style as background for his sports designs.

ANYONE becoming familiar to the shopper who picks up functional sports clothes in the "country stores" that keep popping up in all parts of the suburbs is Bill Atkinson, designer for Glen of Michigan. The character of Atkinson's clothes fits into the cracker-barrel atmosphere, as indeed does the personality of their tall, reticent designer. Atkinson is an architect who has applied the precise standards of the building trades to the making of women's clothes. As a result his man-tailored sports shorts, slacks, skirts, shirts are precision cut and finished, and made of fabrics that wear well and are easy to care for. Atkinson crashed the women's sportswear business by designing a red bandanna square-dancing skirt for his wife. He laid it out on the dining-room table and gave her instructions for sewing it on the family Singer. That one skirt started a business. First it was demanded by friends who wanted copies for square dancing; then by a men's work-clothes manufacturer who saw it as a good way of using up an abundant supply of bandannas; finally by Glen, who launched Atkinson with a full-fledged collection in 1951. His clothes have a New England look about them, chiefly because of the quiet calico prints he likes to use, and a certain modesty in design. To adapt his designs to different climates—a boon for travelers—Atkinson divides warm weather clothes into four seasons: resort, spring, summer and Indian summer. On these pages clothes by Glen of Michigan to fit three different seasons are shown in a Sea Island setting: Glen-plaid cottons for spring; Sea Island cotton poplins for summer; and autumn-colored calicoes for Indian summer. All of the clothes are available at Davison's Sea Island Shop in Sea Island, Ga. and at all Lord & Taylor stores.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HOWARD MEEK

GLEN-PLAID separates are so versatile they can be worn for golf or dressed up for cocktail. From the left: Pat Hammond's blue shirt, \$8.95; shorts, \$11.95; Hilda Jernigan's red cardigan, \$9.95; same shorts; Mary Frances Gould's white poplin bow shirt, \$11.95; skirt, \$12.95; Patsy Cummings' jacket, \$12.95; flared skirt, \$12.95; pique skirt, \$7.95; Doris Hayes the same except for slim skirt, \$11.95.



**TAWNY GOLD** calico gardenia (\$16.95) with midsummer sun back, modeled by Hilda Jernigan of St. Simons Island, Ga.



**OVER-PRINTED** calico shirt (\$9.95) and deep-tone Dacron-and-cotton shorts (\$11.95) are worn by Doris Hayes of Atlanta.





SEA ISLAND cotton dresses in silky pos-tels and almost invisible dots or stripes are put together from blouses and skirts. Patsey Cummings wears a blue striped man-tailored shirt (\$14.95) and

matching slim skirt (\$14.95); Pat Hammond a red dotted bow-tie blouse (\$14.95) with soft-pleated skirt (\$25), and Doris Hayes a pleated-back shirt (\$16.95) with stitched-pleat skirt (\$29.95).

# HAPPY KNOLL

continued from page 35

Bermuda? 2) three inches above the knee? 3) six inches? 4) straight or curved? 5) loose, tight or medium? After each of these subheadings there should be a check list: yes, no, undecided, don't understand. This, in Mr. Lawton's opinion, would pretty well cover what he termed "the whole picture," and once the samplings were made and the results published, no one could have a reasonable kick about subsequent democratic regulations, and there should be no exceptions just because one gal's leg, as he put it, was more shapely than another's at Happy Knoll.

As often happens after Bob Lawton makes suggestions at our meetings, there was a profound and thoughtful silence.

Admitting that the idea had its angles of merit, there was also something wrong about it. I am delighted to say that Hank Stevens put his finger on the difficulty.

"And just exactly how do you think we would look as an executive body," he said, "if we were to send out an inquiry on how short women should wear their shorts? We ought to decide on the correct length here and now on the basis of our own experience."

What would they say at the Hard Hollow Country Club, he inquired, if we sent out any such round-robin letter, Dr. Gallup or no Dr. Gallup?

There was another silence, and then Tom Gaspell made what I still think is an interesting observation. There was no trouble about shorts being too short at Hard Hollow, he said, because

most of the women there had given up trying to attract men. Besides, women at Hard Hollow had to play golf in long slacks whether they liked it or not because of the mosquitoes. There was another longer pause. Obviously everyone must have recalled the shorts that Mrs. Gaspell had worn last season which were so arranged that when she wore her cashmere coat it did not seem that she had on any shorts at all. Fortunately Mr. Gaspell continued with another thought. He said that he did not care what sort of shorts the women wore as long as they looked all right in them, and that was what Mrs. Gaspell always said, also. Some women looked all right in shorts and others looked perfectly terrible. It was not the fault of the shorts, but the fault of the individual who fitted herself inside them. Why not get a Gallup poll about the shape of individuals?

It was here that Bill Jonas made a suggestion. You can always count on Bill Jonas to have a good idea.

"Why not pass a regulation," he said, "to have shorts cut to fit individuals instead of forcing individuals into previously cut shorts?"

Bob Lawton said that this gave him a further thought.

"Why not," he said, "add another question to the public opinion poll: Are your shorts readymade or tailor-made?"

"It doesn't seem to me we're getting anywhere with this discussion," Bill Jonas said. "We seem to be talking only about women's shorts."

At this point Hank Stevens made a further contribution. "Men wearing shorts," he said, "especially around a country club, pose another problem."

continued on next page

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crisp cool, action tailored; 11 washable, style-bright colors. Sanitized.



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tapered Bermuda 5.95; new length See Legs 6.95; tapered Trousers 8.95.



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**Jacobsen**

## HAPPY KNOLL

continued from page 65

"I don't see how the hell they do," Bill Jonas said. "Don't men and women wear shorts for basically the same reason?"

"That is a very interesting question," Bob Lawton said, "from a merchandising angle. The other day at the 'shop' we collated a number of surveys which we had made recently, apparel-wise. They revealed discrepancies in various people's motives for selecting certain types of clothing."

"Don't men and women both wear shorts in order to keep cool?" Bill Jonas asked.

This, as you may imagine, evoked a further discussion. If women at the Happy Knoll Country Club wished to be cool, why was it that some of them did not wear shorts at all? You could take the Gladys's daughter, who last summer wore skintight silk breeches in the pattern of a leopard skin. Then there was the Hopewell girl, who wore fireman's-red trousers, one leg longer than the other, with slits halfway to the thigh and with small bells along the sides. Were these garments selected for coolness? Then there were the tight silk shorts that Mrs. Gladstone Blithe had purchased after her stay in Reno, to look like South Sea tapa, which created more attention than the red trousers.



"My curve ball is beginning

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

The sense of the meeting, as has been said previously, was that some people look well in shorts and some do not; but should one penalize people who do not look well merely because others do? You have to admit, Albert, that this is a real problem and one which may cause much ill feeling in unexpected quarters. I am afraid our discussion was not helped by a further suggestion of Bob Lawton's. His final one was to have a shorts-popularity contest directed before the Fourth of July Ball. Everyone who had been wearing shorts at Happy Knoll would be required to join the contest, each paying an entrance fee which would be applied to the cost of the new tennis court. A

continued on next page



**fabulous phantom-weights**  
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 Louisville, Ky. E. A. and J. C. Smith  
 Lancaster, Pa. Trench and White  
 Lancaster, Pa. Greff & Wolf Co.  
 Los Angeles, Cal. Nelson, Hill, Ltd.  
 Lynchburg, Va. Wills-Cathey, Inc.  
 Lynn, Mass. J. H. Smith  
 Memphis, Tenn. A. Reed's  
 Milwaukee, Wis. Silvestro's  
 Nashville, Tenn. McNamee's  
 New Orleans, La. Terry & Jones Co., Ltd.  
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 Philadelphia, Pa. John W. Warner, Inc.  
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 Portland, Me. J. H. Smith  
 Portland, Ore. Ray Baker  
 Providence, R. I. Nichols Ltd.  
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See phone book for your dealer  
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## HAPPY KNOLL

continued from page 87

prize would be given, as a gag, for the shorts most likely to succeed.

I can only add that the meeting had obviously gone far enough. At the end the following draft for a form letter was prepared to be sent to the membership by the Board of Governors:

Dear fellow member:

It is not the wish of the Board of Governors to set clothing styles or fashions at the Happy Knoll Country Club. However, it has been noted that due to the constant change of summer fashions members may unwittingly appear dressed in a more bizarre manner than they intended. Therefore, solely to protect members from themselves, the following regulation will be put in force this summer at Happy Knoll:

Members and visitors at the Happy Knoll Country Club will be fully dressed at all times when inside the building. This regulation does not apply to the mixed bar, the terrace or the swimming pool.

By order of the Board of Governors

It seems a pity so much time was consumed in composing this letter, which I hope you agree completely covers the entire situation.

Please let us know if you think it does not.

Always sincerely,  
ROGER HORLICK

## ANNIVERSARY



Twenty-one years ago this week the famous race horse Omaha won the 61st Kentucky Derby, beating Roman Soldier by a length and a half. The son of Gallant Fox, Omaha was bred for distance but usually was a slow starter. He was ridden by jockey Willie (Smoky) Saunders and owned by William Woodward Sr. Within a month of the Derby victory, the gangling chestnut had become the third horse in U.S. racing history to win the Triple Crown (Derby, Preakness and Belmont Stakes). Today he is at stud near his namesake city, Omaha, Nebraska.



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The Cavalier Model XP-100 20"  
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## TIPS FOR BACKYARD CHEFS



Armed with "personal" marinades, the boss' sauce recipe and an apron labeled "HIS", the man of the house now turns out tasty Shishkabobs, crisp barbecued chicken and charcoal steaks in the backyard. He learned quickly, that ordinary kitchen equipment is downright perilous at the grill, and set about perfecting utensils and fuel suited to his needs.

Outdoor Stoves, for instance, run the gamut from wood-burning fireplaces to electric grills and gasoline stoves, but most experts find charcoal grills cleanest, most easily controlled.

**TIP**—A wire brush, dry or with water, cleans your grill quickly. No soap, please.

Regardless of what fuel you burn, a Fire Rake assures most even heat.

**TIP**—Keep fire bed level. Spread hot coals from fast-burning center to edges.

A Long-Handled Fork is indispensable. Even before cooking, use it to grease the grill.

**TIP**—Don't rely on fat in the meat—cut a piece of meat and grease hot grill first. Prevents sticking.

Throughout the barbecue, you'll find many uses for the fork.

**TIP**—For turning of large roasts, use 2 forks or skewers, set off center.

A Slotted Turner is the best means of handling any food which would be broken by fork points. Even solid meat should not be punctured unnecessarily, as juices are lost.

**TIP**—For ground meat, start on foil or cookie sheet—transfer after it has browned and set.

### Helpful hints on barbecue equipment, methods and recipes for old-timers and novices alike

Proper basting is probably the most important factor contributing to well-seasoned dishes. A Basting Brush or Spoon does the job without wasting sauce or juices.

**TIP**—Tend to over-season, as grease drains off and heat may destroy some seasoning. Avoid short brushes or you'll get burned!

Skewers are the only means of cooking tasty dishes of the Shishkabob family. As these are individually grilled, you'll need at least one skewer for every couple.

**TIP**—To be sure your Shishkabob won't slip, choose skewers made from square stock . . . use firm meat, fruit and vegetables.

These tools, plus the Spoon (ideal for serving hunked beans), are the minimum requirements for every barbecue chef.

**TIP** Keep the small fry happy—roasting a fork-full of hot dogs.

And, before you let your fire burn out, wasting perhaps a good portion of your fuel, here's a tip to remember.

**TIP**—Sprinkle (don't soak) coals with water, rake them apart to dry ready for the next fire.

#### WHERE AND HOW TO BUY

The widespread demand has taken barbecue equipment out of the specialty class. Your local hardware or housewares store, for example, can supply you with everything you'll need. Chances are your dealer will carry the Everedy line illustrated in the adjoining column. These tools, manufactured by the world's largest makers of chrome kitchen utensils, are available as individual matched pieces or in sets. For easy identification when you go shopping, take this with you and show it to your dealer. He'll furnish those Everedy tools you want.

#### BARBECUE RECIPES OF THE WEEK

##### GO-TENDER MARINADE

For 20 pounds  $\frac{1}{2}$  inch x 6 inch Round or Flat Steak

$\frac{1}{4}$  cup Chopped Onion,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup Lemon Juice,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup Salad Oil,  $\frac{1}{4}$  tsp Salt,  $\frac{1}{4}$  tsp Pepper,  $\frac{1}{4}$  tsp Thyme,  $\frac{1}{4}$  tsp Sage,  $\frac{1}{4}$  tsp Rosemary, 1 clove Garlic, minced.

Combine all ingredients, except steak. After mixing thoroughly, marinate steak 4 or 5 hours, turning several times. Before cook on grill over hot coals until done to your taste. Baste frequently with tenderizer.

##### HAM-SHIRIMP SHISHKABOB

Cooked Ham, White, Picked Shrimp, Green Peppers, Fresh or Canned Chick Style Pineapple.

Cut ham and pineapple into firm 1-inch cubes and peppers into 1-inch squares. Slip pieces on skewers, alternating with shrimp. Turn over hot grill allowing 2 to 3 minutes for each of four sides. Baste each side with any standard Barbecue Sauce. Cook until shrimp turn a strong pink.

## BARBECUE COOKWARE

by **EVEREDY**



#### BARBECUE TOOLS

Every tool you need to make your barbecue a success, all in sparkling chrome, 22" long (except 16" Brush) with rustic wood grips. Everedy Barbecue Tools can be purchased as individual pieces or in Gift Sets. Use the one above. 4-piece and 3-piece sets are also available. BARBECUE SKEWERS are also packaged in sets of four in Gift Box. These are perfectly balanced tools with square shanks that prevent slipping of food.

#### BARBECUE

### HAND-OUTS



Unique exclusives by Everedy—a set of four shallow, 7" diameter pans in glistening, easy-to-clean chrome with long "keep cool" handles. Ideal for serving main dishes or snacks. Fine for frying, too . . . or for decorating kitchen walls. Packaged in attractive Gift Box.

Buy Everedy tools in sets, or select individual pieces from matched-line assortment at your dealer's counter.

**EVEREDY**  
THE EVEREDY CO. • FREDRICK, MD.  
World's Largest Makers of Chrome Kitchen Utensils

## FIERY PERFORMER

Sirs:

A great article on Billy Martin (SI, April 23). His fiery personality jumped right off the pages. The best story I've ever read and I've read many. You really made the man live—terrific job!

PETER BETTS

Boston

## STENDEL'S DARLING

Sirs:

So Billy Martin thinks that perhaps the reason he has not followed in Lou Gehrig's footsteps as the captain of the Yankees is the reluctance of the Yankee management to part with an extra \$500 per season. The "take-charge guy" indeed! Such wonderful ballplayers and fine gentlemen as Gehrig, Rolfe, Henrich, DeMaggio, Keller, Dicko, Rizzuto, Berra have been take-charges, too. Baseball is still a game that pays off in runs, and the guy that can dent home plate with his spikes is still the superior of the fellow who dents his opponent's chin with a fist. The above could do on the field of play the things that Stengel's darling talks about to the press.

When young Mr. Martin learns that one World Series does not make a Yankee make, perhaps he might settle down and show that he is worthy of the uniform of champions.

Captain of the Yankees, Billy? My boy, when cows give beer you will have it made.

BILL DREYV

Beaumont, Texas

## NO GENTLEMAN

Sirs:

Martin is no credit to our sport; he is an arrogant, poor loser! You also forgot to mention that he once slammed the ball into Courtney's face on the base paths, while the then St. Louis catcher was wearing glasses!

L. S. THORNWALD

Springfield, Mass.

## MY BIG BANG

Sirs:

Paul O'Neill deserves orchids for his very fine story, *The Demanded Yankee of Them*.

All, but I can't bring myself to concede that the same goes for all sides of the so-called hero.

Billy Martin makes much of the action of his draft board and consciously, I opine, imitates another ballplayer, a truly great one, who recently popped off about draft boards also. But in the case of Ted Williams I think it was called for and unselfish.

Billy Martin chortles in quotes "I had three cars when I went into the Army," and he still presumes to wonder why the draft board and the general public thought it was pure chomping on his part to bring up the matter of "dependents."

As far as I'm concerned, if the Yankees pay him \$20,000, I think he's overpaid, and come hell or high water I'll always get a big bang out of witnessing Billy Martin being stopped cold at home plate by the gummy play of a superb Roy Campanella.

FRANK HOWARD

Dayton

## GOOD TO THE LAST WORD

Sirs:

Congratulations on *The Demanded Yankee of Them*. All in my book Billy Martin is tops. Your piece caught the flavor.

JOHN T. CROLY

Tucson, Ariz.

## A MATTER OF OPINION

Sirs:

The recent *HOTBOX* (April 23), in which the wives of big league managers expressed their opinions as to who will win in their leagues, was a revealing article.

Some of these women, especially Mrs. Dreesen, are very optimistic. It seems as if the opinions of women are counting for something in sports. No doubt that is as it should be.

F. J. MILLER

Cedar Rapids, Iowa

## TYPE?

Sirs:

In reading your special baseball issue (SI, April 9), I came across the poem, *Coxy at the Bat*. I enjoyed it very much, but I

noticed this sentence: "And the former was a hoodoo, while the latter was a cake." Should not "cake" be "bake"?

Was it part of the poem, or was it a typographical error?

JOHN CLARKE JR.

Jamestown, R.I.

● Cake it is, he being a "silly fellow ... of very soft dough and not well baked."—ED.

## STORMY OPENING

Sirs:

In your 19TH HOLE section a Mr. J. B. Crawford made reference to a game possibly forfeited by the New York Giants about 50 years ago.

The game was the Opening Day game of the 1907 season and was forfeited to the Phillies, if I remember correctly.

I discovered this fact several years ago while doing research on my hobby which is collecting scores and information on the New York Giants.

JACK PROTAY

Hollywood, Calif.

● This April 11 opener was declared to be forfeited by Bill Klem, the celebrated umpire, when a rowdy, cushion-throwing crowd disrupted the ninth inning by swarming over the field. The Phillies, who were leading 3-0, were awarded the game.—ED.

## THE REASON WHY

Sirs:

SI is in error (19TH HOLE, April 23) when it states that Ferdie Schupp was not eligible for the earned-run title in 1916 with an 0.80 ERA because he had pitched fewer than 154 innings. That rule on 154 innings has only been in effect since 1951; previously the ERA leader was based on 10 complete games. Schupp pitched in 30 games in 1916 but did not have 10 complete ones, and that is the reason he did not qualify.

As to your question on forfeited major

continued on page 74

## MR. CAPER

by AJAY



O'Keefe







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19th HOLE

continued from page 70

league games, a Phillies-Giants game in Philadelphia in 1949 was forfeited to the Giants because the home town fans were throwing bottles on the field.

KEITH SUTTON

Honolulu, Pa.

● Mr. Sutton is correct on both counts. As a result of that 1949 game the sale of bottled drinks is banned in Connie Mack Stadium.—ED.

### THE DAYS OF CAP ANSON

Sirs:

I am an old Chicago boy and memory takes me back to the early days of Cap Anson and his great team, Pfeiffer, Williamson, Billy Sunday and Clarkson and Kelly, et al.

I remember well when the Colts sold their prize battery, Clarkson and Kelly, to Boston for \$10,000 and the Chicago Tribune had a big scare head marveling at the huge sum paid for these players.

Heck, a good bat boy can almost get that amount today. My uncle was one of the greatest ball fiends I have ever met. He always had a season ticket and as he traveled quite a bit he always gave me his ticket when out of town. I was a pupil at the Skinner School, about 10 blocks away from the ball grounds and as soon as school was out I broke every sprinting record to get to the grounds and arrived just as the umpire shouted: "Batter up." Those were the good days and old Cap Anson had a real team. We were always happy when they licked the pants off the Giants.

Keep up your good work especially in your fight to clean up dirty boxing.

Wm. J. FELDMAN

Brantford, Ont.

### A CHANCE FOR THE DOGS

Sirs:

I have a suggestion. The major leagues should play three 50-game series per year in each league. Then the first- and second-place teams of each series should have playoffs for their league title, after which the league winners play for the World Series championship. This would give the "dog" teams a chance. Pittsburgh last season might have won the last 50-game series. At least it would prevent some games played to crowds of 500 people at the tail end of the season by the cellar clubs.

LEN FAUBOT

Lima, Ohio

### THAT'S ME

Sirs:

If it weren't for one of my sports-minded neighbors I would not have known that my picture appeared in your magazine. It seems she mentioned it nonchalantly to my mother, not knowing of course that if the Pacific Coast League were made the third major league my mother still would know nothing about it.

The picture is part of April 9 SPECTACLE. That's me, selling those two children a frankfurter. Imagine that, two children and but one hot dog!

My mother owns a small ice cream parlor, and right after she put my picture in one of the showcases I have been deluged by requests for autographs. The demand has been so overwhelming that I might

be forced to quit my job as a draftsman and devote all my time to autographing the pictures and putting mustaches on the two children.

RAYMOND G. TRACULSI

Brooklyn

### ELIMINATE THE NEGATIVE

Sirs:

We would like to register a bowl of protest in regard to Senator Butler of Maryland's "ban the Russians" plan as reported in EVENTS & DISCOVERIES, April 16.

What could anyone possibly hope to gain by banning the Russians from the Olympics at Melbourne? Granted, there is a heated controversy over the amateur status of the Russian athletes, and they will offer the strongest competition to the U.S., but excluding them is no solution.

Such "cry-baby attitudes" and cure-all solutions seem to pervade throughout history when one team seems to be too strong for the opposition to handle. The cry used to be, "Break up the New York Yankees!"

In our opinion Senator Butler is speaking from inexperience: Avery Brundage, who served as head of the U.S. Olympic Committee for 24 years and can speak with authority, is of an entirely different opinion. We think that most Americans believe as Mr. Brundage does that the U.S. has the best material, the best facilities and the best coaches in the world. If our athletes apply themselves, there will be victories. If we do not win, it will be due to our own lack of interest and support of the Olympic program, not the Russian competition.

The answer to the Russians' strength, as Mr. Brundage says, lies not in crying about it, but in letting the Russian successes spur us to correct our weaknesses and capitalize on our advantages to grow strong in the future. We should forget such negative attitudes as Senator Butler's and concentrate on developing a very "positive" Olympic team.

MARLENE PEGG

FRANK HARGELAN

San Antonio

### K.O. ON ELSE

Sirs:

I have just witnessed the Bobby Boyd-Holly Mims fight (SI, April 30), and surely the stench resulting from that totally unbelievable decision was never matched by the Chicago stockyards. Fighters like Mims and Basilio don't have any more of a chance of winning a decision than does the time-keeper. It has become quite obvious that a visiting fighter must be no less than K.O. his opponent in order to win, and if things continue at their present rate soon that may not even be sufficient. The decision tonight was clearly a masterpiece of mental stagnation.

Would it be possible for SI to arrange for Lou Radtke to take a few tutoring lessons from Julius Helland?

A sincerely fed-up boxing fan,

CURTIS CATES

Davidson, N.C.

### START HERE

Sirs:

I enjoy your enthusiasm on the cleaning up of boxing. However, I think it should start with an investigation of the Holly Mims-Bobby Boyd fight. If this wasn't the rawest decision ever given to a fighter this

year! I am an ardent boxing fan and I myself won the lightweight championship at the high school I attend. All those who were present for this fight at our house had Mins ahead on points, although it was slim.

If this continues much longer you will find a smaller number of people watching the fights and a diminutive gate at large attractions.

JIM DANIELS

San Mateo, Calif.

#### REMEMBER

Sirs:

As a long-time track and field nut who has covered both the Olympics and Pan-American Games, may I first convey appreciation for your fine coverage of the sport. Apparently you intend to do a comprehensive job on this year's events at Melbourne, just as you did with the Winter Games.

But please don't let SCOREBOARD say Bill Nider's knockout of 60 feet 3 inches "bettered own NCAA mark set week earlier" (SI, April 23).

Remember, an NCAA record can be broken only in the NCAA championship meet. . . . Parry O'Brien still holds the NCAA record at 59 feet 2½ inches.

JACK CLOWSER

Cleveland

• There are both NCAA records and NCAA Championship records. An NCAA record can be set in any varsity intercollegiate competition whereas an NCAA Championship record can only be set in the NCAA championship meet which is held once a year. Bill Nieder did indeed post a new NCAA record by bettering Parry O'Brien's old mark.—ED.

#### A FRIENDLY WARNING

Sirs:

In SI, April 23, there appeared an article on bullfighting. This letter is written in a most friendly spirit, not only because I like your publication but also because you may not realize how Americans feel about bullfighting. They do not consider it a sport nor do they want any part of it!

I have had considerable experience with animal lovers and I can assure you that if for one moment they felt that your

magazine was helping to start bullfighting in this country, you would hear from them in no uncertain terms.

WILLIAM FELLOWES MORGAN JR.

New York

#### A WARM FRIEND

Sirs:

As a group we take pleasure in writing to congratulate you on your magnificent articles on bullfighting. We are an officially organized club with a membership of 154 to date and still growing. The purpose of Club Old is to bring together those who are interested in fostering the understanding and appreciation of tauromachy, which includes the language, art, culture, background and history that exist in any locality of the world which fosters bullfighting.

ALYCE RANALL

San Diego

#### RENEGADE DOGS

Sirs:

OUTDOOR WEEK (April 23) reported on deer-chasing dogs.

Under pristine law the removal of excess deer by herds of wolves and other predators was an important conservation effect. Otherwise the species would have become extinct through starvation as did many others long before the arrival of hunters, either white or red. . . .

Each state you mention spends thousands on deer research. Often the recommendations of scientists are ignored and laws that force starvation on the deer are enacted. Under these conditions dog predation is beneficial but seldom sufficient.

The presence of weak, or moribund, deer engenders renegade dogs. Their atrocities are prevalent only during the time when deer distress is most acute.

Here in the northeastern section of the country the March blizzards have taken terrible toll on overbrowsed deer ranges but only the dogs make headlines.

LAWRIE HOLMES

Northeast Harbor, Me.

• See *To Save the Herd: Shoot More Deer* (SI, Nov. 21) for a detailed report on the controversial practice of an open season on both bucks and does to protect the herd from off-season starvation.—ED.

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